

Children's Newspaper, August 13, 1927

What Shall We Do With the Abbey?  
See My Magazine for August: Now Ready

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## THE LITTLE MAN OF DREAMS

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### ELEVEN DAYS IN AN OPEN BOAT ADrift IN MID-ATLANTIC Newfoundland Fishermen Take a Drink From an Iceberg SAVED IN THE NICK OF TIME

The Tilbury Cottage Hospital must have seemed a heavenly place to Charles Williams and George Robert May, two Newfoundland fishermen, after their eleven days in an open boat with twelve biscuits and no water!

They were members of the crew of the fishing schooner Donald Creaser. On the Grand Banks of Nova Scotia they got into a little twelve-foot open boat to haul the fishing-line when suddenly a thick fog descended and the schooner was blotted from their sight.

#### Far From the Steamer Track

At first they rested on their oars, but the fog grew thicker. Then they tried to row toward their ship, only to penetrate into yet deeper fog. When the fog lifted they had drifted so far that the schooner was out of sight. They found a tin with twelve biscuits in the boat, but no water. They were 150 miles from land, and far from the steamer track. They knew from the first that their chance of rescue was exceedingly small.

They rowed and drifted by turns. May says that Williams insisted on his eating most of the biscuits, and that as Williams was much the bigger man he was forced to obey him! Williams says May gave him the little tobacco he had, and insisted on his smoking it. We must take it as we will.

On the fifth day an iceberg came up to them and proved a friend rather than the deadly enemy icebergs usually are, for they were able to break off lumps of ice and suck them. After the iceberg had gone the weather became worse. They had lost one pair of oars in the heavy seas on the second night; now they lost first one and then the other of the remaining pair. They had a little lug-sail, but they dared not hoist it, for they had no means of steering. They were washed by the waves and so scorched and blistered by the sun that the skin peeled off their faces.

#### Drifted Nearly 400 Miles

The weather got steadily worse, and Williams believes that they could not have remained afloat another hour when rescue came. They were sighted by the steamer Albuera, bound from Canada to Gravesend, and were picked up with the greatest difficulty and put to bed; to be transferred to hospital on the Albuera's arrival in port.

Captain Georgeson, of Edinburgh, who effected the rescue, says Williams and May must have drifted nearly 400 miles. He has never before known men go through such an experience and come out of it alive.

### Teddy Bear Goes for a Walk



A little bear named Teddy, only a few months old, is here seen out for a walk at the Crystal Palace with Mr. and Mrs. Tyrwhitt-Drake, who own a private zoo

### BILL REFORMS HIMSELF

THIS is the true story told by a settler in Rhodesia of his native servant. We will call him Bill, as for obvious reasons he must preserve his anonymity. Bill was a cook, and he stole something. He was reported, arrested, and marched fifty-four miles to the nearest magistrate, who sentenced him to a term of imprisonment. While he was in gaol Bill thought about his crime, and vowed he would never do such a thing again.

News of Bill's repentance reached his white master on the mango-shaded banks of the Chambezi River, and he sent Bill a message to say that he could return to his old post when his term was served. Moreover, as a proof of his trust in Bill's reformation, the white man gave him a commission to buy some cretonne for curtains and loose covers. There were shops of a sort where the gaol was, but none in the place where Bill's master lived.

Would Bill return? Would he disappear with the cretonne money? How

the native gossips must have wondered! The days glided by.

At last Bill did come back, with the cretonne and a stolen sewing-machine! It appeared that the machine was the sacred treasure of a Kaffir village, and that Bill had had the very greatest difficulty in stealing it. He was proud of his cleverness and bravery, and protested that he meant no harm.

After he had made his master's curtains and chair covers he would return the machine and submit to any punishment the village chief imposed. Surely there was no badness in that?

So Bill squatted before his stolen machine for days while cretonne, muslin, silk, and cloth billowed all round him. His friends had so many jobs for him when he had finished his other work!

At last he packed up the machine and carried it to its rightful owner, forty miles away. We do not know what his punishment was, but we believe Bill is truly reformed at last.

### AFRICA'S FIRST CHILD

#### The Lonely Grave in the Sands

### HUMAN AFFECTION IN THE LONG AGO

By a Scientific Correspondent

Who was the little six-year-old child who died in Algeria so long ago that the very race of people among whom the child was born have long perished from the Earth?

The learned men from Chicago University who found the slender skeleton in the sands and rocks about Mecht-el-Arbi in North Africa know nothing about this child except that it was buried where it lay and did not come to its ancient grave by accident.

The mother and father who laid their child there were Stone Age people, for by the grave are the flints which they chipped; but they were older than other flint-workers who left traces of their handiwork in the caves in which they worshipped.

#### Before the Reindeer Men

This race of Africa lived and died there before the Reindeer men scratched ivory tusks with hunting pictures, before those who lived by the caves of Altamira in Spain painted the bison on the smoky walls. They were dwellers among the rocks of warm Algeria when half of Europe, on the other side of the Mediterranean, was clothed in ice. They may have lived before the fierce, low-browed, heavy-jawed Neanderthal men prowled about the river valleys in search of food.

They were, at any rate, different from any of these people, and different from any others that have come out of Africa or been found in Europe. They had good heads, with room for the brain, good jaws, strong faces.

How did they fade out of knowledge and all memory? Who knows? But we may let ourselves believe that among this unknown people affection for a child and grief for its loss were real feelings, for otherwise they would not have buried the little one with such care.

We may also think of that slender relic with reverence, for it is the frame of the youngest and perhaps the oldest child of Old Africa, the last and only known representative of the oldest race of that ancient continent.

### A NEW TOWER FOR LONDON

The new headquarters of the Underground Railway and its allies over the St. James's Park Station will be an imposing affair.

The ground plan will be in the shape of a Latin cross, and there will be ten storeys and a central tower reaching a height of over 170 feet.

Thousands of tons of steel will be required for the framework, and the building will cost over £300,000.



## MENIN GATE TOMB OF OUR GRAVELESS DEAD

How Britons Kept the Gate for  
Four Long Years

### WORLD'S GREATEST BATTLE

They shall not grow old as we who are left grow old;  
Age shall not dim them nor the years condemn.  
At the going down of the sun and in the morning  
We will remember them. LAURENCE BINYON

"He is not missing; he is here."  
So said Field-Marshal Lord Plumer, as he unveiled the new Menin Gate Memorial, to the mourners of the 56,000 men killed in the Ypres Salient whose bodies rest in no known grave.

Till now, he said, these bereaved ones had no grave to visit, no place where they could lay tokens of remembrance.

Now their dead have a local habitation and a name, a name engraved in English Portland stone under the gold lettering of their regiments in the wonderful galleries of the Menin Gate Memorial: 56,000 of them. But it is a memorial not to them only, but to all their fellows who fought and suffered and died in the greatest battle the world has ever seen.

### The Cost of Ypres

For in this triangle of Belgian land, six miles deep and ten miles across its base, a million Britons were wounded and a quarter of a million killed. We talk of the four battles of Ypres, of Messines, Passchendaele, and the rest, but in fact, it was one continuous battle, lasting day and night, week in week out, for four appalling years. Always the enemy's guns commanded our defences on the plain, and never once did their firing cease. Five thousand of our men were killed every month, 5000 wounded every week, seven hundred every day of these four years.

At the first battle of Ypres, in October, 1914, the enemy was held up three miles from the Menin Gate; when the tide was turned, in September, 1918, he was a bare two-thirds of a mile away.

### Road to the Channel Ports

It was an appalling position to hold, but the Ypres Salient commanded the road to the Channel ports. If it had been taken our very foothold in France would have been threatened, a wedge driven in between us and our French Allies, and a road opened up into the heart of France. To have lost Ypres would almost surely have been to have lost the war.

The Menin Gate stands on the eastern side of Ypres astride the Menin Road. Menin itself lies thirteen miles away, but to the British soldiers it was nothing but a name, for astride the Menin Road were the German Armies, enormously outnumbering the British, and never till the final triumph were they cleared from it more than the first five miles. Not all the troops defending the Ypres Salient passed along the Menin Road, but it was never without its straddling lines of soldiers going out to man the trenches or returning from them, the wounded for the hospitals and perhaps for England, the unwounded for a blessed respite at Poperinghe or elsewhere, or for a brief home leave.

### The Lion on the Gate

And so the Menin Gate has become symbolical of the whole four years' battle of Ypres, the battle for the gateway into France, kept by the British as Horatius kept the bridge in the brave days of old.

Before the war, Menin Gate was a mere opening in the ramparts through which the Menin Road passed from the central square of Ypres; now it is an impressive archway built by the peoples

## THE QUICK BRAIN OF A MOTORIST

GREAT IMPORTANCE OF  
KEEPING IT FIT

Discussion Among Doctors on  
the Influence of Drink

### SAFETY BEFORE ALCOHOL

One important result of the growth of motor traffic on our roads is the increased concern it has produced in the public mind in regard to the influence of alcohol.

The day will come, far ahead though it may be, when we shall be amazed, in looking back, that we ever dreamed of allowing people to take alcohol before driving a motor-car. Earl Russell, presiding at Edinburgh the other day over a discussion on this subject among medical men, said that he himself, though not a teetotaler, is absolutely teetotal when driving a car, simply because he believes that to be the only safe way. What serious doubt can there be that he is right?

### Delicate Nerve Balance

A very striking paper was read at this Conference by Dr. Godfrey Carter of Sheffield University. Safe motoring, he said, depends on a clear and alert mental outlook. Judgment must be poised, nerve cool, and the brain in a position rapidly to grasp immediate problems and reach quick and accurate decisions. This delicate nerve balance, poised as it is on the highest brain centres, is the very first function to become disordered by alcohol, long before the gross miscalculations of actual intoxication begin. Once these miscalculations begin they are a sign, says Dr. Carter, that their victim has been running against the danger signals for some time, and that his brain has been too dulled to read them.

As to the difficulty of saying when a man has reached that condition, Dr. Carter thought bloodshot eyes with a quickened pulse very significant. It is in the interests of all concerned that drivers should realise that even a very slight disturbance of judgment, and of quickness of perception, may bring about a tragedy in the hazardous business of controlling a car in our crowded streets. The whole thing seems to us a question of a high sense of honour among drivers, any one of whom has our lives at his mercy in these days.

Continued from the previous column

of the British Empire to the honour of their dead. Its width over all is 104 feet, its depth 135 feet, and its height 77 feet. Its architect is Sir Reginald Blomfield. Above the arch on the east side, looking out toward Menin, is a recumbent lion by Mr. Reid Dick, the sculptor, and below the lion is this inscription written by Rudyard Kipling:

*Here are recorded the names of officers and men who fell on Ypres Salient, but to whom the fortune of war denied the known and honoured burial given to their comrades in death.*

The names are in galleries inside the structure of the arch. At the unveiling by Lord Plumer there were hundreds of mothers, widows, and other relations of these dead warriors, but a vast congregation far away listened to the moving service of dedication through the B.B.C. The service began with "O God our help in ages past," and after the unveiling the King of the Belgians spoke of Belgium's gratitude to the British dead. Later the Last Post was sounded, and pipers played the lament, "The Flowers of the Forest." Then came one minute of silence so absolute as to become almost unendurable, broken at last by the bugles with the Reveille and the soul-stirring roll of the drums.

## SEVEN MEN AT THE CITY TEMPLE

A WONDERFUL MEETING

Trying to Understand What  
We Are All Thinking

### A LITTLE BEGINNING OF A GREAT MOVEMENT

One of the most wonderful meetings ever held in London took place the other day in the City Temple, with Dr. Norwood in the chair.

The huge building was packed from floor to ceiling; there was an overflow meeting downstairs; and hundreds had to be turned away. It was a meeting to help people of various religious faiths to understand each other. Representatives of seven living world religions, Buddhist, Christian, Hindu, Jewish, Mohammedan, Theosophist, explained in ten-minute speeches what their religion stood for, and a Confucian explained his faith by letter.

### Moslem Call to Prayer

At the outset the Muezzin of the London Mosque gave the Moslem Call to Prayer which sounds from countless minarets through all Islam five times in every 24 hours, an extraordinarily impressive introduction to what followed.

But what was it possible to say in ten-minute speeches of the profound philosophies of these seven religions? The time proved ample, for each of them had one thing above all others which he was eagerly anxious to say, and in each case it was the same. Whatever others might stand for, each one of them declared that the faith which he represented stood first and foremost for two things, the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. An amazing thing indeed to say—amazing in the light of the world's history, in which the rivalry of the creeds they have stood for has been among the chief causes of human hate and cruelty!

### The Two Commandments

For those of the Christian Faith, represented, of course, by the overwhelming majority of those assembled in the City Temple, this constant repetition of the Two Commandments had its embarrassment as well as its delight. We had thought that the religion of Christianity was the only religion of love, and lo! it was not so. Quick on the discovery came the impulse to ask, How is it that you have fallen in practice so far short of your teaching? But the question was smothered by the thought of the war.

The great American preacher who spoke on Christianity reminded us at once of the awful fact that it was the Christian nations which invited mankind to the struggle that left ten million dead on the field and killed three times ten million men, women, and children, by want and famine and pestilence. "Let him who is without sin among you—" But no one at the City Temple was in a mood to cast stones.

### Bridges of Appreciation

The meeting was organised by the society known as the Fellowship of Faiths, formed by the cooperation of an English and an American society, the Union of East and West and the League of Neighbours, with the glorious object of "realising peace and brotherhood through understanding and neighbourliness, uniting people of all religions, races, countries, classes, and conditions, not merely by preaching but by practice, by building bridges of mutual appreciation across the chasms of prejudice."

The keynote of the movement is the word Appreciation. We have long been taught toleration, but toleration is not enough. The way to Brotherhood is not merely to permit but to understand the thoughts in our brother's mind. It is not too much to say that upon that understanding depends the future of the human race.

## THIS FOR REMEMBRANCE

The Dying Burgomaster  
of Ypres

### A PATHETIC TALE OF MENIN GATE

While the pilgrims of memory were assembling in Ypres to pay their tribute at the Menin Gate to the soldiers who fell there, and who in the words engraved on the tombstone crosses are "Known unto God," a man soon to join them waited in the rebuilt town in the hope that he might live to see some part of that moving ceremony.

It was the Burgomaster of Ypres, whose pride and care it had been to see his beloved town rise from its ashes, but on whom the hand of Death had laid its finger so that it hardly seemed possible that he would live to hear the passing of the pilgrims and the soldiers, or with his eyes to behold the mournful pageantry.

### The Last Salute

Yet, that he should be made to feel that he had some part of it, Lord Plumer had planned to salute the Burgomaster's house as he passed by in the procession, and had told the Burgomaster so. The dying man had replied with a brave smile that perhaps he would see it, after all.

The Burgomaster kept his word as Lord Plumer kept his promise, for as the Field-Marshal with King Albert of the Belgians rode by they saw in the window of the house the old man propped up on pillows so that his eyes might see the coming of his King, the realisation of his hopes.

The living saluted the dying. They did more. The King and Lord Plumer halted and entered the house to speak a word of consolation and tenderness to this man whose spirit was so strong in death.

## TALKING ALONG A TRAIN

### The Driver to the Guard

A remarkable use has been made of wireless on a goods train in America.

Some of the freight trains used to carry goods are a tremendous length, and one of these trains, a mile and a quarter long, was fitted with wireless so that the driver in the locomotive could talk with the brakeman at the far end. It is quite likely that many of the big long-distance freight trains will be fitted up with wireless as a result of this test.

## THINGS SAID

Now that I am a king shall I be allowed to play? *The Child King of Rumania*  
Kindliness is still the great secret of life. *Mr. Justice McCauley*

Many mothers prefer the tin opener to the stew pan.

*Medical Officer for Edinburgh*  
The silent millions think many things not found in our newspapers.

*Dr. Murray Butler*  
It is the average boy or girl who "gets there" in the end.

*Mr. J. H. Thomas*  
I don't find writing easy. I thought five hours today and wrote two lines.

*Mr. Sean O'Casey*  
The girl who plays the piano seems to be as dead as the Dodo.

*The Duchess of Atholl*  
When you have a job you do know which way to walk, but we don't know.

*An Unemployed Man in Piccadilly*  
Why is the Albert Hall only available between prize-fights for really admirable music?

*Sir Robert Wilt*  
Yet we continue to speak of their debt to us—their debt, who put us and all the world in eternal debt to them.

*New York Times on Menin Gate*



## NATURE'S LITTLE ONES

### PIGMY FORMS IN MANY FAMILIES

Elephants Like Sheep, and Fairy Flies in a Pin-hole

### TINY CATTLE AT THE ZOO

Three delightful little strangers have come to that home of living wonders the London Zoo. They are Anoa's, the tiniest of all wild cattle, animals which never exceed three and a quarter feet in height. Found now only in the island of Celebes, they once had a wide range in tropical Asia, and care will be necessary to prevent their being swept out of existence with the advance of civilisation into the wilds.

How come such midgets into existence as a fit type? They are not the degenerate posterity of larger cattle, but seem to have reached a quiet backwater of life in their present size and status long ages ago, and to have remained unaltered.

#### The Three Bears

Nature, in her scheme of living architecture, seems fond of experimenting in both size and shape. As we have little flowers and big in our gardens, with flowering shrubs of size and tall trees, so Nature creates her varying sizes and keeps the patterns constant.

She has bears as varied in bulk as the big bear, the little bear, and the middle-sized bear of the story. From the giant Alaskan grizzly to the little Australian koala is a great descent from the gorilla Nature goes to the marmoset which fits into a woman's muff, from the huge moose to the little chevrotain, no bigger than a hare.

#### Malta's Pigmy Elephants

Although Africa produces a race of elephants whose monarchs are 12 feet at the shoulder, she has also her pigmy elephants; and once life rejoiced in a breed of these animals, whose remains are found in Malta, which were no bigger than sheep. Probably no early Maltese poet ever sang a song of "Mary had a little elephant," for Mary and the pigmy elephants were not in Malta in the same age.

Among the reptiles we have 30-foot anacondas and snakes no bigger than little whip-lashes, crocodiles weighing half a ton, and lizards that find a window-frame a good racecourse to run up; tortoises that weigh five hundredweight and tortoises weighing only a pound. Among the frogs we have monsters that devour rats, and then little gems that squat like green-gold buttons on a delicate leaf.

#### Nature's Love of Little Things

Birds furnish the towering ostrich and the perky bantam, the soaring vulture and the humming bird, which, without its feathers, is no bigger than a humble bee. We have a mammal in the sea that weighs 100 tons, a mammal on the land (in the pigmy shrew) that weighs less than half an ounce; bats of half an ounce and bats whose bodies are like foxes and whose wings are five feet in span.

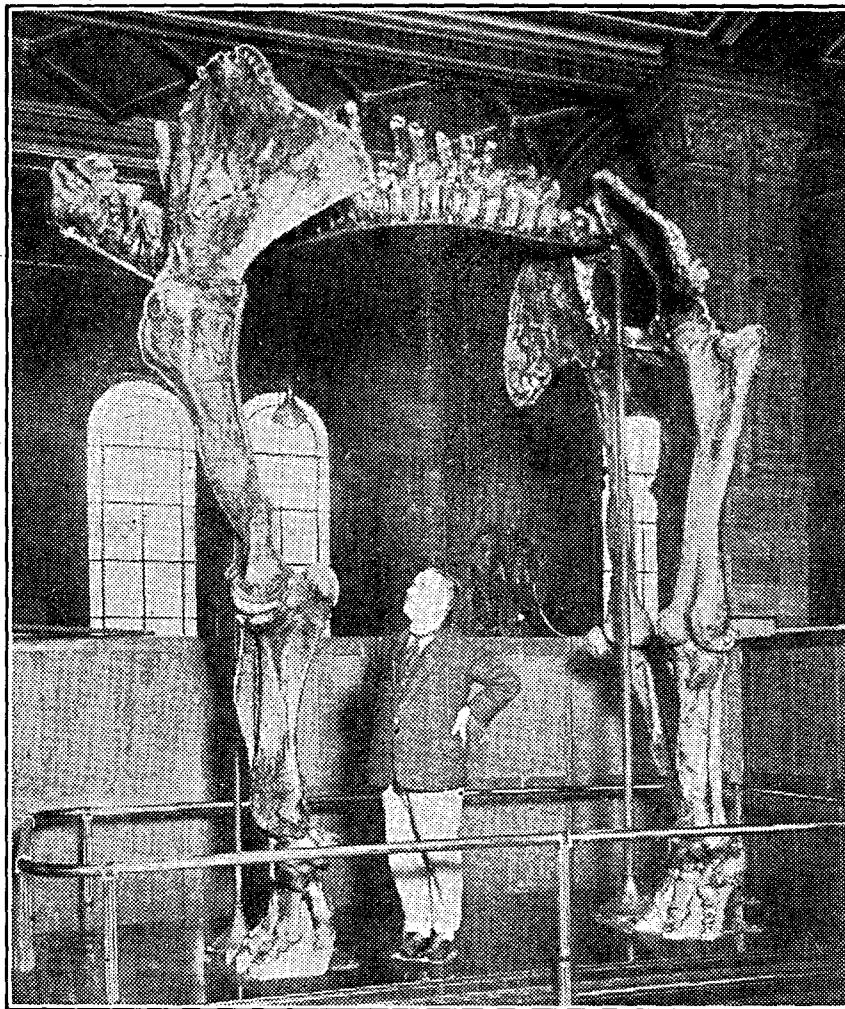
With insects, too, we find great and small—the Atlas moth with wings 12 inches across and the clothes moth almost too tiny to catch; and the giant stick insects and the fairy flies which can march five abreast through a pinhole in a card.

All these tiny things, mammal, bird, reptile, fish, and insect, are just as efficient in their own spheres as the giants in theirs. Nature must love little things to lavish such care on their tiny perfection.

## THE GIANT ELEPHANT FROM KENT



Piecing together the remains of the giant elephant from Kent



The Kent elephant's skeleton exhibited in the museum



Making a plaster cast of a dugong



The cast of a dolphin stranded at Fleetwood

At the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, a staff of experts is constantly preparing specimens for exhibition, and here we see some of them at work. The centre picture shows the incomplete skeleton of the great elephant found at Upnor, Kent, during the war, while trenches were being dug, which has just been set up. The animal when alive must have been over twelve feet high. See page 5

## ONE MAN ONE JOB

### IS REPETITION WORK GOOD FOR MEN?

Lives Given Up to Making Little Bits of Something

### THE DIVISION OF LABOUR

It has been said that Mr. Ford is the only man in the world who could make a Ford car, and what it means is that the thousands of men making Fords are making only parts.

Modern work has brought about what is called the Division of Labour. As machines have been invented to make things, or parts of things, men and women have been increasingly set to do certain small tasks and nothing else, every day and every year.

Thus a shoe, a watch, a bicycle, an oil stove, a motor-car, a camera, consist of a number of parts, each part made by a separate machine worked by individuals who do nothing but work that machine. When all the little parts have been made they are brought together, or assembled, as it is called.

#### Restriction of Employment

Thus the eyelets of a shoe are put in by a separate machine, and the worker who does this never does anything else. It is a very simple job, which teaches little to whoever does it.

This extreme dividing up of jobs makes work very monotonous; its general tendency is to confine a man's intelligence.

Another thing which makes the labour of the worker narrow and keeps it in a groove is the restriction of employment by the trade unions. Members of unions are expected to stick to particular employments, and strict rules are laid down to prevent them doing anything outside their own work.

#### Common Sense to the Rescue

Thus in shipbuilding the various trade unions connected with the industry prevent their members from doing anything but agreed jobs. Until lately a shipwright could do only one thing, a joiner another; but neither must trespass on the other's ground. Until lately an electrician fitting the electrical wires on a ship could not fit the blocks to take the pushes and switches! A shipwright could not finish a wood moulding. Often the worker in a shipyard could not bore for himself an odd hole which was needed for his work, but had to wait for a craftsman whose rules allowed him to do it!

It is good to know that common sense is at last beginning to tell in these matters, for it cannot be anything but bad for individuals or for the country that ideas should be pushed to such fantastic extremes.

#### Relief for Mind and Body

For the man himself it means a narrow and uninteresting working life, in which he is denied the full and proper use of personal gifts. For the nation as a whole the undue restriction of employments means great difficulty in time of bad trade, because on the "one man one job" system a man cannot take up any work that offers.

If an unemployed shipwright could turn to house building he could help both himself and his country, but if he is denied the right to do this he must remain unemployed. It seems a thousand pities that while shipbuilding in Britain has been at a standstill the shipwright could not turn his hand to working on the woodwork of houses so badly needed by all classes.

As to the division of labour in great machine shops, as much as possible ought to be done to give workers the opportunity to pass from one job to another, to give relief alike to their bodies and their minds.



## DISCOVERY IN SHAKESPEARE'S TOWN

### A Wall Picture in a House He Knew

#### TOBIAS BEHIND THE PANEL

What is described as "an important addition to the scanty survivals of English wall-painting" has just been discovered at the White Swan Hotel, Stratford-on-Avon.

Who would have thought that any fresh thing could be found at Stratford-on-Avon, that lovely little town which has been for centuries visited and searched by lovers of the past?

Luckily (in many ways) the White Swan Hotel has been bought as a Trust House, and while the bar was being altered into a coffee-room some old panelling was removed, and, lo! paintings appeared on the plaster wall behind it.

The colours are still bright and fresh, and although parts of the paintings were destroyed in former days, there remains a portion 13 feet long by 6 feet wide. The subject is the story of Tobias, framed in bold foliage and flowers. The men wear doublets, wide breeches, and ruffs, and the painting probably dates from the late fifteenth or early sixteenth century. Expert advice is being taken on the best way of preserving the pictures.

The Swan dates from the fifteenth century, so Shakespeare knew it, but we cannot be sure that he knew the quaint pictures of scenes from the Apocrypha which an accident has now unveiled for us.

## TWO THOMAS HARDYS

### A Delightful Thing at Dorchester

#### GROWTH OF AN OLD SCHOOL

A delightful thing happened at Dorchester the other day when Mr. Thomas Hardy laid the commemoration-stone of the new grammar school buildings.

A Thomas Hardy founded the school in 1579, and now that it has grown too big for its old buildings a Thomas Hardy helps to make the new ones.

The Elizabethan Thomas Hardy endowed the school by a gift of lands and houses, and he stipulated that there should be one learned man for an usher and one for a schoolmaster. These two would find it difficult to deal with the 200 day boys who will attend the new school.

In a short speech after laying the stone Mr. Hardy said that little was known about the founder of the school except that he loved learning, and was probably one of the Hardys who came from Jersey to Dorset in the fifteenth century. Although he lived in Shakespeare's day, this Thomas Hardy probably never heard of Shakespeare.

We may be sure of two things about the founder: it would rejoice him to find that his school has grown so great and that one of its friends was a famous writer bearing his own name. Let us hope he knows.

## A NURSERY IN A BOOKCASE

Pamela Rees (aged 12) writes from Exeter telling of a strange thing that happened in her home.

Last Sunday (she says) I was sitting by a bookcase in one of the rooms and I observed a wasp come in several times through the window and disappear behind the top of one of the books. We took the books out, and saw that in one of the round holes (where knobs supporting the ledges are supposed to be placed) there were twelve or thirteen small green caterpillars. The wasp had evidently carried them in. We all thought it was very strange.

## LOST IN THE SEA

### And Returned to the World by a Fish

#### A VERY QUEER STORY

The skipper of a Lowestoft smack had a surprise the other day when he found in the stomach of a whiting a brass token dated 1701.

We cannot suppose the whiting was 226 years old. He must have found the coin lying at the bottom of the sea in recent times, and it must have been rolling about there ever since some wreck two centuries ago. By what a curious chance it has found its way back to the light of day and the world of men!

Of course, the token has no value except as a curiosity. It was never current money. A token was a coin issued by a private person or civic authority, and arrangements were made to exchange it for goods or current money. Many famous firms paid their workpeople like this, and some of the designs used were very quaint. The collection of these old tokens makes an amusing hobby, and someone who is engaged in this pursuit is sure to give the whiting's contribution a good home. But perhaps no other token in the world has such a queer story—lost in the sea and returned to the world by a fish!

## PICCADILLY UP

### London in Trouble

What will London do without Piccadilly? "Road Up" is a familiar sign there, as elsewhere, but never before has this famous thoroughfare been completely closed to traffic.

For three months it is to be in the hands of the road-breaker and the road-maker. Section by section those appalling pneumatic drills are breaking up its surface; water-mains, telephone wires, power-cables, and gas-pipes are being renewed; and a new, smooth, hard surface, warranted to last indefinitely even against modern traffic, is being laid down.

It was time, for the jolting on the old, worn surface was terrible. Those working and living in the neighbourhood will suffer, but they will be the gainers in the end, and at least they are to be spared the all-night pounding of the drills which people in less-privileged areas have suffered lately.

With buses diverted into Pall Mall and ultimately into the Mall, London seems unlike itself, but Piccadilly without buses or taxis is a strange place indeed. *Picture on page 12*

## THE DROP OF WATER IN THE EMPTY TOMB

When the tomb of the mother of Cheops, the builder of the Great Pyramid, was found by the excavators to be empty the empty tomb was not the only surprise. Something else was found there.

That, as C.N. readers know, was a chest containing the vital organs of the queen, but containing also a clear, pale, yellowish fluid. No one could guess either what the liquid was or how it could have remained there without evaporating for 5000 years.

Now the fluid has been analysed and has been found to be—water! It is just water, but with a preservative dissolved in it called natron, a natural form of carbonate of soda, the nitre of the Bible. The natron was, of course, for the preservation of the vital organs of Queen Hetepheres.

It is curious that water has never before been found in an Egyptian tomb. It was kept from evaporation by the fact that it was in an alabaster box with a close-fitting lid, in the niche of a chamber cut out of the living rock a hundred feet below ground.

## A HERO OF THE MENIN ROAD

### Pigeon 2709

#### HOW IT SERVED ITS COUNTRY

The wonderful dedication service at the Menin Gate, which was broadcast to countless English homes, has given a new interest to a memorial of a humble hero of the Menin Road to be seen in London.

In a dark corner of the United Services Museum in Whitehall (a museum which might be made much more popular if it would use its windows better) is a stuffed pigeon with grey wings and iridescent throat. This, as the card attached to it explains, is all that remains of Pigeon 2709, Ninth Corps, which died of wounds in action on October 4, 1917.

The creature had been despatched from the front line in the region of the Menin Road to Divisional Headquarters and was hit by a bullet, which broke one of its legs, drove the message-carrier into its body, and passed out through its back. In spite of wounds and driving rain the bird struggled home to its loft, a distance of nine miles, and delivered its message. It died shortly afterwards.

Was it mere homing instinct, or had Pigeon 2709, in that area of wondrous heroism, some glimmering of an idea that its keepers looked for the arrival of the message in the message-carrier driven into its poor body, and should not be disappointed? We like to think so!

## TOO LATE

### The Artist Who Longed in Vain

There lies a sad story behind the announcement that M. Herriot, the French Minister of Education, has unveiled a monument to Beethoven in the Bois de Vincennes, Paris.

The monument was the work of José de Charmoy, and it was finished twenty years ago. A work of art, as all the world knows, is very dear to the artist. He spends hours of anxiety over it, frequently despairs of it, destroys what is begun, and makes a score of new beginnings, until at last he finds one which satisfies his conscience. Then he wants the world to see his work.

But when José de Charmoy had finished his monument the authorities did not provide a site for it. There was one delay after another, and the sculptor never had the joy of seeing his work set up among the lawns and trees for all Paris to see. He died, his longing unsatisfied, and there must have been disappointment in his heart.

Now, after twenty years, his monument stands where he dreamed it would stand, and crowds come to see it. But José de Charmoy cannot hear their praise or blame.

## In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

The racehorse Call Boy . . .	£60,000
Eight Brussels tapestry panels	£5040
Four English tapestry panels .	£3150
A painting by J. B. C. Corot .	£1995
A Chippendale writing-table .	£1785
Eight Queen Anne armchairs .	£1522
An Aubusson upholstered suite	£1355
An old English mirror . . .	£672
Little Dorrit, autographed copy	£630
Set of silver dinner plates, 1770	£620
A silver bowl of 1708 . . .	£604
86 Wedgwood jasper medallions	£577
A German sword of about 1600	£472
A marble bust of William Penn	£210
38 vols. of The London Gazette	£165
Six Jacobite wineglasses . .	£80

## KING OF THE LIBERIA REPUBLIC

### A Country Without a Railway

#### INTERESTING VISITOR TO ENGLAND

Among the many interesting visitors Britain has been receiving is the President of Liberia, Mr. Charles Dunbar Burgess King.

Liberia, the Negro Republic in West Africa, was founded by the friends of the freed American slaves; in it every elector must be an owner of land and of Negro blood. It has a coast-line of 350 miles, and stretches inland 200 miles; and in all this space there is not a single railway. This is a defect Dr. King is anxious to remedy, and this is one of the reasons for his visit.

A native Liberian, Dr. King is about to enter on his second term as President of Liberia, but has been ordered a prolonged rest before he does so, and his idea of a rest is to study the transport system of Britain! He will study our roadmaking especially. Liberia has 300 miles of highways, but these are to be indefinitely extended, and a loan of a million pounds has already been raised in America for this and similar development purposes. In addition, says the President, he would gladly give all possible help to any industrial group that would undertake to build railways and a harbour.

#### Million Acres Leased

The great hope for the country is in rubber-planting. Already an American company has leased a million acres of land and is employing 10,000 natives, and there is room for an indefinite multiplication of such leases. Labour is plentiful and cheap, except for three months in each year when the people are working on their rice crops.

President King shares the view of the British West African Authorities as to the importance of an African education for Africans who are to lead an African life, rather than a smattering of Western culture fitting them merely to become rather inefficient clerks. He himself was refused permission by his father to go abroad for his education, and graduated at Sierra Leone. Shakespeare and Dickens are his favourite authors.

Liberia sided with the Allies during the Great War and was bombed by a German submarine, which sank the whole of its fleet—one ship!

## MORE BIRDS AT SCHOOL

### The Brave Young Things

This interesting note of birds hatched in school comes to us from Hertfordshire.

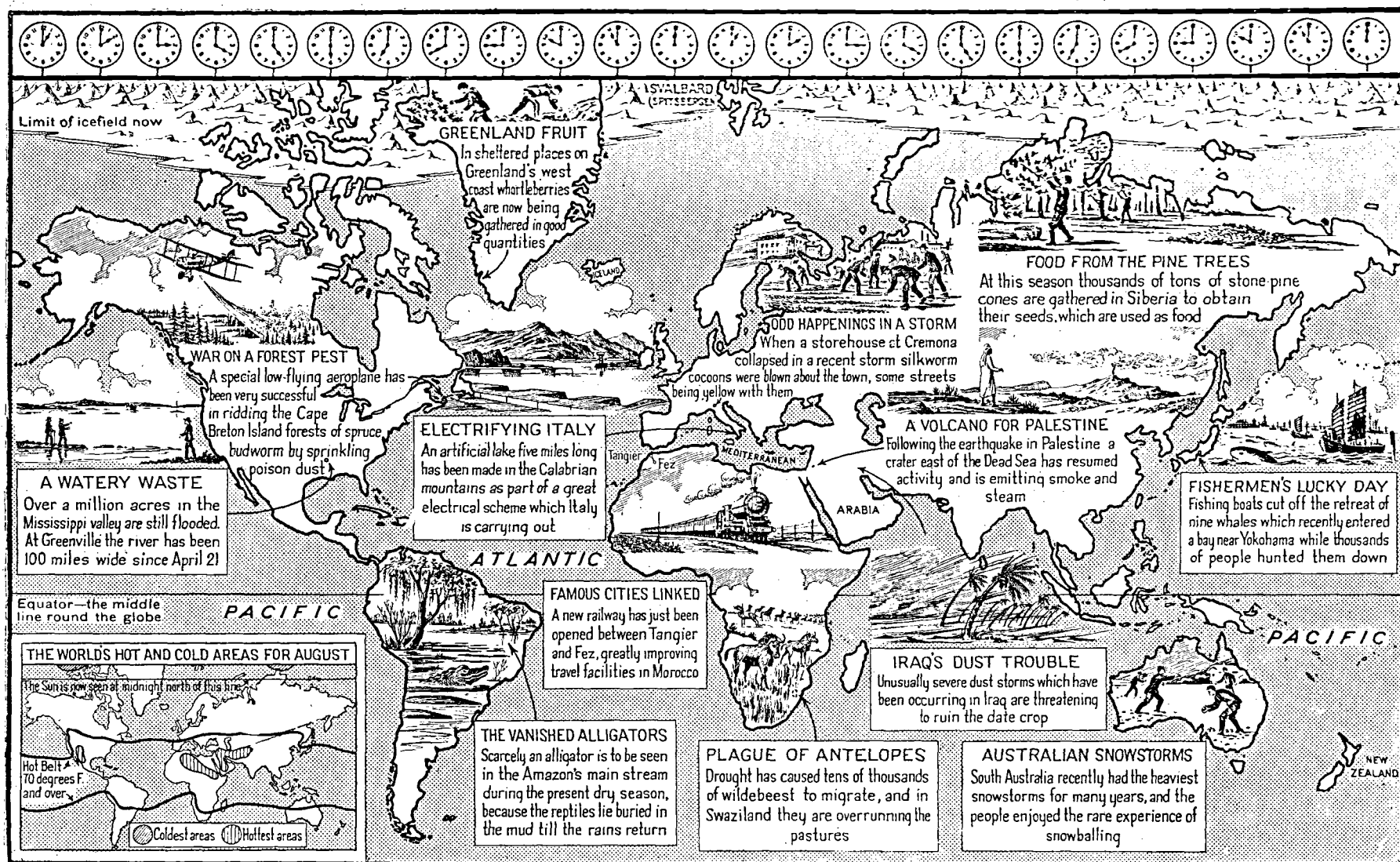
Early in June this year swallows were busy trying to build their nests on the wall of Broxbourne Boys' School and in the lobby where the coats are hung.

The weather was very dry at the time, and the nests had to be begun three times. Finally mud was brought from a pond a little distance from the school, hay was used to bind it, and a nest was completed in the lobby over wires connecting a door bell.

To prevent the nest being dislodged the wire was cut, and six young birds were hatched. The boys watched with interest the constant coming and going of the parent birds to feed their young unperturbed by the traffic on the road or the movements of the boys.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## GREAT RUSH OF WILD HERDS

### Invasion of Swaziland

### THE WILDEBEEST IN SEARCH OF THE RIVERS

Swaziland, in South Africa, has suffered a strange invasion.

Vast herds of wildebeest, the buffalo-like antelope of South Africa which we call the gnu, living in the lowlands of the Transvaal, have been driven frantic by drought, and have charged into Swaziland in search of water. About 30,000 of them, in herds 2000 strong, crashed through the fences, trampling the young crops and fodder.

Worse than the direct damage of their wild rush was the infection of disease they brought with them. One of the prime problems of cattle-breeding in Africa, West and East and South, is the protection of the beasts from the diseases carried by wild animals, especially by those nearest akin to them. Many of the domestic cattle have themselves been not only in peril of infection, but have been stampeded by the rush of the wildebeest.

The farmers, forming great hunting parties, shot thousands of wildebeest, and the natives have feasted on their carcasses. See World Map

## PLAYING FIELDS

### The Money Coming In

The Duke of York's appeal for a million pounds for playing fields for the children of Britain has already produced nearly £300,000.

It is pleasant to note that last year, on the open spaces owned by the London County Council, 38,000 games of cricket and 39,000 games of football were played.

There is still twice as much more wanted, and the C.N. warmly commends this noble appeal to all who would do a kindly thing for the rising generation.

## A LOST SHIP TURNS UP

### The Eskimos and the Lady Kindersley

After being lost for three years a ship has drifted ashore on the coast of North Alaska.

She is the Lady Kindersley, a motor-vessel of 734 tons which went out in the summer of 1924 with provisions for fur-trading posts. She was caught in the ice off Point Barrow, and after the crew had worked for 15 days in vain attempts to free the vessel they were obliged to abandon her.

No one ever expected to hear of the Lady Kindersley again, for many a good ship has been crushed to pieces in the ice. Now she has turned up, but her owners gain nothing by it, for she has been plundered by Eskimos, to whom every scrap of wood or metal is a rare and precious thing.

## GUARDIAN OF THE TEMPLE

### A Frenchman's Curious Post

A Hindu temple on a hill overlooking Simla has just had installed as its guardian a man with no drop of Hindu blood in his veins.

Charles de Russet, a man claiming pure French descent, was educated at Simla and became a convert to Hinduism in his boyhood after his father's death. He was made a novice in this same Jakko Temple above Simla under the name of Bawa Mat Ram. In due course he became a Hindu priest, retiring after twenty years to a little temple in the depths of the country.

Now, over 70 years old, he has returned to the scene of his conversion, honoured by being made guardian of the temple.

## Pronunciations in This Paper

Apocrypha . . . . . Ah-pok-re-fah  
Celebes . . . . . Sel-e-beez  
Tirana . . . . . Te-rah-nah

## THE SOUTH KENSINGTON ELEPHANT

### An Old Inhabitant of Britain

The elephant is the largest of beasts, yet an elephant of today would look a midget beside an ancestor which once roamed the jungles of Britain.

Some of the bones of such a beast were dug up during the war at Upnor, opposite Chatham Dockyard, and they have now been put together and set up at South Kensington. The creature is over twelve feet high, having a thigh-bone of five feet, and its hip-bones are six feet across, the widest yet known.

The fragments were very fragile and full of holes. They had to be hardened, cleaned, and artificially completed or restored, and the work has been going on since the close of the war.

The animal lived any time from 500 to a thousand centuries ago, before the last Ice Age, when Britain was still part of the Continent. Pictures on page 3

## THE QUEER HEAP BY THE SEA

### A Mother and Her Little Ones

Two interesting orphans of the storm arrived at St. Andrews the other day in pathetic circumstances.

A man walking on the beach saw what he thought was a great mass of seaweed. On seeing that it moved, however, he went up, and found a mother seal lying with two babies cuddled close to her. She was quite dead, but the little ones were still alive, and luckily the man who found them was not the sort of man who never sees a rare bird or beast without wanting to kill it.

What could he do with the orphans? There was no Home for Motherless Seals in St. Andrews, so he decided to appeal to the Edinburgh Zoo. The babies have been admitted, and are receiving every possible care.

## A NEW KIND OF AMBASSADOR

### A Friendly Man of the Open Spaces

### HEAD OF AUSTRALIA HOUSE

Australia has sent a new kind of ambassador to London. General Sir Granville Ryrie succeeds Sir Joseph Cook as High Commissioner.

Hitherto, as a distinguished Australian newspaper man pointed out at a dinner to him the other day, Australia has sent us eminent politicians from her great cities, but Sir Granville is a real Australian of the open spaces, an out-of-doors man who can "ride, draw the bow, and speak the truth," and is "the only High Commissioner who could get on a horse without falling off."

The new High Commissioner, in responding to this tribute, heartily agreed as to his lack of political training. When he first tried to enter the Australian Parliament to please his father, he said, he did not even know who was Prime Minister, and his chief equipment for the electoral campaign was a banjo and a set of boxing-gloves!

Sir Granville says that a suggestion of the Duke of York is to be carried out next year. The Duke had proposed that a few successful settlers, with their wives, should be sent here from Australia to tell intending emigrants of their experiences, and next year 500 Scotsmen are coming over from the Commonwealth, at their own expense, for this purpose.

The new High Commissioner would like to see morning performances at our kinemas for school children, showing them the wonders and work of the Dominions and Crown Colonies.



# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 13 1927

## The Poet of the New Jerusalem

It is a hundred years since William Blake went to the New Jerusalem, and the world has not forgotten him. His most famous poem has become a national hymn, with *Recessional* and *God Save the King*.

He stands alone; he is like no other poet we know. He made a world of his own.

Of his poems, which so linger in the heart as well as in the mind, or of his drawings of Heaven and the Angels, of Life and Time and Eternity, which have honoured places in our National Galleries, it may be said that they seem to have been breathed into him from somewhere outside himself, from those regions where his spirit flew. He wrote of things he never could have seen, yet his words bring them so vividly before us that we can imagine no others to describe them better.

How did he do it? We think it was because there was a simple goodness in this little man, whom so many thought merely simple and odd, and with it was a great gentleness and kindness. Who but such a man could have written so many verses which seem hardly sense to the eye yet are full of mysterious hints of deep wisdom to the heart and the mind? How simple and how beautiful they are! Yet their simplicity is no effort of the poet's art. We might think it was breathed into the poet by God Himself.

As the years have passed the mystic visions of Blake's strange drawings have roused curiosity as to the man who made them, so that a great deal has been learned of him that would have been forgotten had his genius been less. We know that he was poor and never wanted to be rich, that he married a humble wife because he loved her dearly. He was fiercely opinionated, as we say. He was a dreamer who dreamed great things—but he did them.

And his life and spirit were not all in the clouds. He loved London. We know that he and his Kate walked down Piccadilly Lane when the birds sang and wild flowers grew there. He loved the country. He loved England. In his heart he hoped it would become a brighter land, with all its dirt and smoke and weariness swept away. In his spirit he thought that God might walk there once again.

Surely, this little man of dreams built a bit of the New Jerusalem in our hearts! And surely he was like his own John Trot, of whom he wrote:

*Here lies John Trot, the friend of  
all mankind;  
He has not left one enemy behind.*



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London  
*above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world*



### More Haste, Less Joy

THE craze for speed runs on the sea as well as on the land.

Italy has announced that it will build the *Rex* and the *Dux*, in which will be shown a new and secret invention in the way of engines. These ships, perhaps of 35,000 or 40,000 tons, would bring New York within four days of Cherbourg, but, as the quantity of fuel is doubled when the pace of a boat is raised from 22 to 26 knots, it will be very expensive.

After meditating on these greyhound ships we lit by chance on Mary Lamb's account of a ride in a coach from Fetter Lane to Cambridge long ago, and her enjoyment of every inch of the long white road. We wonder if the passengers on the *Rex* and the *Dux* will enjoy the long road half as much!

### The Buses and the Litterers

A CORRESPONDENT who has been reading a C.N. note on the way that bus tickets are thrown about the streets calls our attention to the fact that the London General Omnibus Company, which, according to the C.N. note, ranges itself with the Litterers in London by its failure to supply ticket boxes, has set a fine example in its advertising by asking Sunday holidaymakers not to leave litter behind them in the country.

We are very glad to hear it. It is quite certain that the proprietors of the bright red buses which everybody loves are the last people to wish to spoil the countryside, and we hope the London General will now follow its own counsel and do its best to save the streets of London from the litter of its tickets, which strew the ground at some stopping-places, and at one place are a continual nuisance in a public garden kept up with much care and expense.

### The Pail at the Pump

SOMEBODY asks us who it was who said that "to sit like a pail and be pumped into can never be an exhilarating process."

It was Thomas Carlyle, and we are glad to have an opportunity of passing it on.

### Tip-Cat

A BLUE-NOSED shark has been caught on the east coast. Everybody gave it such a cold reception.

SHIRTSLEEVES have been seen in Government offices. It is believed the clerks are going to work.

THE salaries of the film "stars" are being cut down ten per cent. It wrings our heart to tears.

A GERMAN complains that too many English words are now used in Germany. It seems rude that his mother tongue should be put out.

HOUSES are going down in value. So many have gone up.

IN Africa shingling is unknown. They prefer the long trek to the short cut.

SCIENTISTS in Budapest are puzzled over a boy whose hair has turned blue. Whatever is wrong with him, he can hardly be off colour.

A MARATHON race that took place on a wet day ended in a tie. It must have been a rain-bow.

THE hay fever about this year is reported to be less than usual. It is so little hardly anyone can catch it.

### Peter Puck Wants to Know



If Oval ducks' eggs are made by quacks

### Piping Down the Valleys Wild



PIPING down the valleys wild,  
Piping songs of pleasant glee,  
On a cloud I saw a child,  
And he, laughing, said to me:

*Pipe a song about a Lamb!*  
So I piped with merry cheer.  
*Piper, pipe that song again.*  
So I piped; he wept to hear.

*Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;*  
*Sing thy songs of happy cheer.*  
So I sang the same again,  
While he wept with joy to hear.

*Piper, sit thee down and write*  
*In a book, that all may read.*  
So he vanished from my sight,  
And I plucked a hollow reed.

And I made a rural pen,  
And I stained the water clear,  
And I wrote my happy songs  
Every child may joy to hear.

William Blake

## Poems of William Blake

### Till We Have Built Jerusalem

AND did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountains green?

And was the holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here  
Among these dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!  
Bring me my arrows of desire!  
Bring me my spear! O clouds,  
unfold!

Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,

Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land.

### Signs of Innocence

To see a world in a grain of sand  
And a Heaven in a wild flower,

Hold Infinity in the palm of  
your hand  
And Eternity in an hour.

### On Another's Sorrow

CAN I see another's woe  
And not be in sorrow too?

Can I see another's grief  
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear  
And not feel my sorrow's share?  
Can a father see his child  
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?

And can He who smiles on all  
Hear the wren with sorrows small,  
Hear the small bird's grief and  
care,

Hear the woes that infants bear,

And not sit beside the nest,  
Pouring pity in their breast,  
And not sit the cradle near,  
Weeping tear on infant's tear?

He doth give His joy to all;  
He becomes an infant small;  
He becomes a man of woe;  
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh  
And thy Maker is not by;  
Think not thou canst weep a tear  
And thy Maker is not near.

### Little Lamb

LITTLE Lamb, who made thee?  
*Dost thou know who made thee?*  
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed  
By the stream and o'er the mead;  
Gave thee clothing of delight,  
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;  
Gave thee such a tender voice,  
Making all the vales rejoice?

*Little Lamb, who made thee?*  
*Dost thou know who made thee?*

LITTLE Lamb, I'll tell thee,  
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:  
He is called by thy name,  
For He calls Himself a Lamb.  
He is meek, and He is mild,  
He became a little child.  
I a child, and thou a lamb,  
We are called by His name.

*Little Lamb, God bless thee!*  
*Little Lamb, God bless thee!*



August 13, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

7

## PILLARS OF A THOUSAND HOLES

### SAVING THE DOME OF THE EMPIRE

**The Remarkable Feat Now Being Accomplished in St. Paul's POURING IN THE CONCRETE**

Beneath the Dome of St. Paul's which broods so solemnly over the City of London is a Lilliputian army of men striving night and day to hold up the dome's 4000 tons.

Where below the Cross of Gold has been (and again will be) the abode of sanctified peace, the place of worship of an Empire, is now a scene of ceaseless activity, of whirring machines and white-clad workmen attending them. Men and machines, and the engineering brains behind them, are labouring incessantly to strengthen the pillars on which the dome rests, so that, though they may tremble beneath the weight, they shall never buckle or give way.

#### World-Wide Offers of Help

The tale of the cathedral's danger when it was told went like an earthquake tremor through the Empire, bringing offers of help from all over the world. There were those who said that nothing could prevent the dome from tumbling about our ears unless, perhaps, it could be saved by lifting it up on girders of steel and sustaining it there while new pillars were built for it to rest on when again it should be lowered to its place.

The British people would have done that if it had been the only thing to save their cathedral; but happily it was not necessary. In the opinion of the engineers it was never necessary, and never will be. All that was needed was to strengthen the pillars, and the English engineers whose skill had been sufficient to underpin Winchester Cathedral and relay its foundations, rotting in water, were confident that this could be done.

#### The Rubble Pillars

They are still confident, and each day of their task makes them more so. They are setting up St. Paul's and its dome on concrete rocks. This is the way they are doing it: The dome rested, and still at this moment partly rests, on eight pillars which go far below the pavement of the transepts, through the crypt, into the London clay wherein the foundations were laid.

These were the props and stays of Christopher Wren's dome, but his workmen or his building contractors had not his greatness or honesty of purpose. The pillars were not solid, as they should have been to support for centuries a weight which would try the heart of the stoutest pillar. The hearts of these pillars were made of rubble. When the restless twentieth century came they began to shake and threaten to collapse.

#### Work of the Engineer-Surgeons

This was the situation the engineers had to repair. They began on the pillars where they pierce the crypt below the cathedral floor. Into the sides of the pillars they cut holes, and through these holes they pumped hundreds of tons of cement, which spread throughout the fabric down into the very foundations. The pillars became concrete from the crypt downward. Steel bars were threaded through them.

Then came the turn of the pillars which within the cathedral soar to the dome. They must be made strong, but they were delicate patients, which must be nursed before operations could begin on them. So behind the wooden screen which hides the engineer-surgeons and their operating theatre from the nave has sprung up a scaffolding of steel reaching to the galleries which run round the dome. Each pillar has its Eiffel Tower of

## DEATH OF AN OLD JOKE

WE shall have to give up making jokes about the slowness of the Southern Railway's trains. They are unpunctual no longer, and one of the oldest jokes is dead.

It was a good joke, known everywhere in many forms. One form was in the song about the people who gathered flowers on the way. Another was the notice: First-class passengers keep their seats; second-class get out and walk; third-class get out and push. Perhaps the best joke was about the passenger who was challenged for riding with a child's half-fare ticket. He seemed much over 12, but he was "only 12 when he started."

Now all these jokes must go. The Southern Railway is transformed.

Figures for April show that three out of every four weekday trains drawn by steam ran to time, and that not one in 20 was more than five minutes late; while among the electric trains four out of five ran to time and less than one in a hundred was over five minutes late.

We hasten to say that these figures are exclusive of the Continental expresses, which have still much to learn.

On the average the steam trains were less than a minute late in April and the electric trains less than half a minute. In May the average steam train was less than two-thirds of a minute, and the average electric train less than a third of a minute late. The figures for Sundays are, on the whole, not quite so good.

## KATE BLAKE AND HER WILLIAM



They win who never near the goal;  
They run who halt on wounded feet;  
Art hath its martyrs like the soul,  
Its victors in defeat.

Edmund Gosse on William Blake, who died a hundred years ago this week. See page 6

This seer's ambition soared too far;  
He sank, on pinions backward blown;  
But, though he touched nor sun nor star,  
He made a world his own.

## A TRAGEDY OF THE HIMALAYAS

**HEROIC LIEUTENANT**  
**Climbing the Snowy Heights in His Stockings**

### WONDERFUL RESCUE STORY

An amazing story comes from India of heroism and devotion high in the frozen Himalayas.

It tells how a British officer, Lieutenant G. F. Bain Smith, of the Indian Army Ordnance Corps, knowing nothing whatever of mountaineering, without companions or a rope, without nailed boots or an ice-axe, twice climbed 3000 feet of frozen snow slope to save a fellow-officer from death.

The fellow-officer was Major Minchinton, M.C., of the Gurkha Rifles. He was one of the most skilful mountaineers in India, stationed with his regiment at Dharmasala, in the Punjab, and he was spending a brief mountaineering holiday at Triund Rest House near by. Dharmasala is 6000 feet above sea-level, and the Rest House is 3000 feet higher.

#### Stopped by a Miracle

Above the Rest House is a shepherd's camping-ground at Lakka, another 1500 feet up, and close by is a pass into Kashmir. To the right of the pass and to the south of it is a peak, Mount Mun, rising another 5000 feet. It was here that the tragedy occurred.

With two Gurkha soldiers Major Minchinton reached the top, 15,500 feet above sea-level. Coming down a steep snow slope roped together, cutting their steps as they went, they slipped, and rolled a thousand feet down the slope. When, by a miracle, their fall was arrested only one of the three, a Gurkha, was able to move. He staggered down to Lakka, where he met Mr. Bain Smith and his wife. Mr. Smith had already climbed 10,500 feet in spite of his inexperience. Sending his wife back for aid, he set out with a coolie to climb more than 3000 feet to where the injured officer lay, seeking his foothold with stockinged toes.

#### Deserted by the Shepherds

When at last he reached the injured officer and his companion he found Major Minchinton still unable to move, so he took off his coat, got the major on to it, and began dragging him down on this improvised sledge. When they had descended 500 feet, the second Gurkha soldier scrambling after them, Major Minchinton had become delirious and unmanageable. A mile away Mr. Smith found two shepherds, who reluctantly went back with him, and the party descended another 500 feet, when rough, frozen snow stopped their progress. Mr. Smith sent one of the shepherds down for help, but he did not return.

Again Mr. Smith descended alone, and again he found reluctant shepherds and sent them up the hill. He himself was by this time so exhausted that he could only crawl back after them. Two of the shepherds took the injured Gurkha down. Major Minchinton could not be moved, and at sunset the other shepherds deserted him.

#### No Food for 18 Hours

The wind rose to a gale, with frequent hailstorms, and Mr. Smith realised that to stay there meant death for both of them. Once more he descended in search of help. He met Mrs. Minchinton with some men she had collected, but they were without equipment. He sent her back to Triund, and awaited the arrival of the relief party his wife had gone to bring. They arrived at three in the morning.

The relief party found Major Minchinton dead. His back had been broken by his tremendous fall. Mr. Smith himself had no food for 18 hours and was on the verge of collapse when the relief party arrived. Both his feet were frost-bitten. How he achieved what he did, and how he survived the bitter cold, is a miracle which none can explain.

latticed steel to be its prop and stay, and, by the thrust or tension of its struts and girders, to relieve it of part of the burden which it bears. Thus relieved, the pillars are ready for treatment.

Each pillar is punctured in scores of places. There are, in all the pillars together, a thousand holes. Through them the pillars are filled with cement.

The punctures are drilled and bored fifteen feet deep into the masonry. It is easy to imagine the weakening effect of those thousand drillings if the pillars were not reinforced for their task of supporting the dome by the steel scaffolding; but once the holes are drilled the strengthening lotion can be poured in at every boring.

It is a lotion of liquid concrete cement, which is forced by a compressed engine through flexible pipes into the borings. The concrete is like porridge as it goes in. It hardens to the strength almost of granite, and it welds together the rubble which was in the hollow core of the pillars till that, too, becomes rock-like in its strength and solidity.

That is the work which has been going on inside the cathedral for more than a year, and will go on for two years to come. When that is past the dome will be safe, and the sunlight will pour in shafts of light on to the transepts from which the worshippers will look up to a dome made safe for democracy, the democracy of Christianity.



## MOSES OTTER AND HER SISTER AARON Lady Naturalist's Book About Her Two Friends

### THE TEMPTER FROM THE WILD

A keeper and a rabbit-catcher were walking one day by the banks of a flooded stream when they found three young otter cubs lying among some reeds on the bank. Evidently the waters had flooded the burrow where they were born, and the mother had carried them to this place before going to seek a fresh home for them.

The men pocketed a cub apiece and then hid near by, for they knew the mother would return, and the keeper meant to shoot her. For an hour and a half they waited in the cold, and then in despair they went to the reeds to pick up the third cub. It had gone. The footprints of a large otter proved that the mother had rescued it under the men's very noses!

### Found in the Bulrushes

What should the men do with the two captured cubs? "Knock them on the head," said the keeper, but the rabbit-catcher thought there was a lady in the village who might buy them. She took a strange interest in wild things, wrote books about them, and took photographs of them for *Country Life* and the *C.N.*

So a sample cub was submitted to the lady. It was a tiny bundle of grey velvet, with little web feet, a blunt head, newly-opened eyes, and no teeth. It could not swim or eat. But the lady determined to rear it, and she called it Moses because it was found in the bulrushes. The other cub she afterwards rescued from a smelly ferret-hutch at the keeper's home, and it was dubbed Aaron. They proved to be females, but the names stuck.

### The Otters at Play

The lady was that well-known naturalist Miss Frances Pitt, and she has just published the story of the cubs in an altogether fascinating new book called "Moses, My Otter." It is published by Messrs. Arrowsmith at 5s., and it is full of interest, for the otter is probably the most intelligent animal in the world.

Moses and Aaron would go for walks with her like dogs. When she went into the garden and called their names they would come dashing out of the bushes, and when she stooped they would climb into her arms. They taught themselves to retrieve, and would race for a stick thrown into the pond, the winner swimming back under water with it because otters can swim faster below than on the surface. When the snow came they made slides down slopes and tobogganed down them on their chests. They romped wildly, round and round the drawing-room, through the shrubberies, and in and out of the ponds.

### A Nocturnal Elopement

Then, one day, the footprints of a wild otter were found outside the sleeping-shed. Nightly he came, and at last he persuaded Aaron to elope with him. The runaways have a burrow on the banks of the Severn, and sometimes they come to visit Moses at night, but she will not follow them to the wild. Miss Pitt got another cub to keep Moses company after Aaron's desertion. He is a gentleman who loves to sit in the kitchen sink while the cold tap is turned on him, and his closest friend is a fox terrier.

It is to be hoped that Miss Pitt's book will do something to check the butchery of otters in England. We are sure that even the keenest follower of Izaak Walton would not grudge Moses and Aaron a few trout.

## OLD NOTTINGHAM 1000-Year-Old Market Place to Go

### IMPROVING A GREAT CITY

For a thousand years there has been a market in Nottingham's old market-place, but soon it may be held no more.

In Norman times the city was divided into two boroughs, one Norman and one English, and each of them held a market in the market-place, a wall dividing them. This curious wall stood till 1714, a memory of the Conqueror's day. Then it crumbled, but the market lived on, and it was older than the Normans, as old as Nottingham itself.

Rosy country faces were seen there, and citizens' wives bustled about buying the best and cheapest and freshest food to be found anywhere, while there was a cheerful babble of laughter and talk, punctuated by the clucking of hens or the deeper voice of old Mrs. Puddle-duck. All this existed from Robin Hood's day down to our own, but the Corporation has decided to stop it. They thereby stop the old Goose Fair, which was held in the market-place every year.

### Great Gain to the City

The reason for the change is that the Corporation are building a fine block of municipal buildings on the site of the old Exchange Hall, and it is thought that the valuable space before the building, which is now the market-place, and is one of the greatest open spaces in the heart of any town in England, should be laid out in more dignified fashion. So instead of the famous old market the place will be filled with flowers and shrubs and statues.

There are many protests against the abolition of the market, but the change will probably take place. It is proposed to establish a new market elsewhere, under a roof.

Though an old tradition will be snapped with the disappearance of the market, the city will gain greatly in dignity and beauty. At present the market-place and its surroundings are almost impassable on market days, and there are few thoroughfares anywhere so difficult to move in.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

An ensign from the Cenotaph has been given to the Boy Scouts of Kent.

A swift has been killed by a golf ball on the links at Seaford.

The Health Report of the L.C.C. recommends reduced rates for houses let to people with children.

### Mansfield's Gooseberry Pie

At the 550th July Fair at Mansfield the Mayor cut a huge gooseberry pie, measuring two feet across.

### Wesley Chapel Roof

Death watch beetles have been found in the roof of Wesley Chapel, London, and have done £800 worth of damage.

### Savings Bank Withdrawals

The amount which may be withdrawn on demand from the Post Office Savings Bank has been raised from £1 to £2.

### A Partridge's Last Flight

A partridge not long ago flew into the propeller of an air liner at Croydon Aerodrome and was killed.

### Glasgow's New Bridge

The other day we spoke of Glasgow's new bridge as the Oswald Street Bridge, and we thank those readers who point out that it is named the George the Fifth Bridge.

### Coxswain's Fine Record

John Hayter, coxswain of the Brook lifeboat in the Isle of Wight, who has died aged 91, helped to save over two hundred lives.

### Exciting Travel

When a motor-omnibus started the other day at Mysore a cobra which had been asleep under a seat came out and bit four people.

## A NEW SEA PROBLEM Fighting Fire on an Oil-Driven Ship

A new problem has arisen for the ship-builder since the use of oil instead of coal has become so common.

Many a fire has occurred on a steamship through an outbreak among the coal bunkers. A bigger danger lies in the possibility of the oil tanks getting ablaze, and new precautions have been insisted upon by the Board of Trade.

Fire-suds is the name given to the foam which is used to fight fire on an oil-driven liner. It is made with a solution of bicarbonate of soda and a froth-producing substance, and when the suds are directed on to the blazing oil they cover it with a liquid rich in carbon dioxide, which prevents any oxygen reaching the burning oil and so extinguishes the fire.

These wonderfully efficient oil-fire extinguishers have been invented for oil-driven ships by the firm of Merryweather and Sons, who have for years been famous as makers of fire-engines and fire-fighting appliances.

The Board of Trade requires a similar apparatus to be in the boiler-room of any ship using oil, so that every precaution has been taken against new dangers at sea arising from the use of oil fuel.

## A WAY THEY HAVE AT TIRANA

### A Little Adventure in Albania

An amusing story is told by a writer who has just published an account of the town of Tirana.

Tirana is the new capital of Albania, and is one of the very few capitals in the world without a water supply or a railway station.

But Tirana has a two-year-old aeroplane service which has never had a casualty, and it has a wireless station. It also possesses many motor-cars.

The other day a foreign diplomatist and his wife were driving to Tirana when a man held up their car by levelling a rifle at the motorists. The chauffeur, an Albanian, jumped out and drew a revolver. A lively argument, punctuated by flourishes from the firearms, followed, to the dismay of the foreigners.

But in truth the gentleman with the gun was no highway robber, for the chauffeur presently turned to tell his passengers that the stranger only wanted a lift, and thought the best way to make a car stop was to point a rifle at it!

## THE SPIRIT OF THE HOSPITALS

### Overwhelmed with Kindness

Everyone thinks with gratitude of the work done in our hospitals and the spirit of kindness that pervades them.

Some of those who support hospitals, however, may not realise how intense is the feeling toward a hospital that has been helpful in many instances. Here is a glimpse of that feeling as shown in a letter from one of our readers:

"I have recently been a patient in bed for ten months in a hospital. During all that time I was overwhelmed with kindness by doctors, sisters, and nurses. They conspired to do their utmost for me. For instance, I think of the thoughtfulness of the doctor who, helpless as I was, enabled me to have three motor rides as a tonic before I underwent my final operation. No one will ever know the pleasure those rides gave me. Yet I was only one among many patients, and he was good to all. Those who have been cared for in a hospital for a long time, with never-waning help, cannot express the gratitude they feel."

Our reader, we think, expresses gratitude in a way that will be pleasing to all who know the spirit of our hospitals generally. The one here referred to is King's College Hospital.

## EVERYBODY'S FRIEND Cinderella Among the Pharaohs

### STORY OF ALL AGES AND ALL LANDS

It is sometimes considered rude to pry into a lady's age, but a scholar has not scrupled to inquire into Cinderella's, and now he declares that she is getting on for 3000 years old.

Her real name was Rhodope, and she was a servant-girl of great beauty. One day she was bathing in the river when an eagle swooped down to the banks and flew off with one of the sandals she had left beside her clothes.

Rhodope went limping home, never guessing that her loss was her fortune. Not long afterwards the Royal heralds came through Egypt carrying the lost sandal and seeking a foot to fit it. Only Rhodope could wear it, and the heralds led her to Memphis, where King Psammetichus held his Court.

The king told her that an eagle had dropped the sandal in his lap, and that he had vowed to marry the maiden to whom it belonged. So Rhodope became queen.

### About 2600 Years Ago

In every country under the Sun we find Rhodope's story among the nursery tales. In England we call her Cinderella, and give her a glass slipper left in a ballroom instead of a sandal stolen from the river bank. Of course our version is vastly superior to the Egyptian, because we have added a pumpkin coach and a team of mice!

Is the old Egyptian story a true one? It must be, for it comes from the thirteenth book of Aelian's *Various History*, and we cannot bear to think that a Roman historian would lie.

Aelian died about A.D. 240, but Psammetichus reigned about 670 B.C., so Cinderella-Rhodope is probably about 2600 years old. It is wonderful that she should still seem so young and lovely and lovable. The plots of nearly all the new novels and American films are simply new versions of the old, old story about a despised girl who suddenly became rich and famous.

## HIAWATHA'S COUNTRY The Red Indian in His Car

A travelling correspondent who has been to the Great Lakes sends us this note from Hiawatha's country.

In the land of the Great Lakes in the north of Michigan lived Hiawatha, and here in other days roamed Red Indians.

The Palefaces had reason to dread them in those days, for they were great warriors, but the day which Hiawatha saw coming has come, and the white man has conquered.

Some of the Indians, however, still live near their old hunting-grounds. One day last year we took a rough road through a maple wood, and in a clearing we found a little log house with a tiny belfry. In this solitary place, about eighty years ago, the Ojibway Indians had built a house in which to worship the Great Spirit, of whom they had learned from the Palefaces. To this sacred place they come in their motor-cars on Sundays. They have a preacher, but other red men take their turn; on the wall is a list of the men appointed to preach on certain days.

Outside are a few little pieces of wood to mark where the dead are laid to rest; no more peaceful resting-place could be found. Then back to the busy life of the Palefaces! But it was well to have seen the little church in the wood where the children of our old friends gather to worship the Great Spirit.



## COAL AGAIN THE TROUBLE IN THE PIT What it is About and Why it Must be Dealt With

### MORE COAL PRODUCED AND LESS WANTED

We have heard little about the coal mines since the great stoppage, but a debate in the House of Commons shows that things are far from being happy.

The leaders of the miners tell us plainly that things are so bad among them that a fresh outbreak would be inevitable were it not that they were so hard hit by the last struggle as to make its renewal impossible. In many parts of the country one miner in every five is out of work, and in some districts nearly half of them. Many mines are working at a loss, and every week fresh pits are closing down.

### A Hope that is Vain

We have to face the fact that the world is using less coal than it did. The British Fleet exists entirely on oil, and on land and sea oil is everywhere gaining on coal as a fuel. Where coal is still used people are learning economy in its use. Yet though demand has fallen production has increased. That is due to the sudden development of output on the Continent caused by the great stoppage in Britain. France has such stocks on her hands that she will take nothing from us, though she and Belgium are the only countries that have not reduced their consumption.

We in Britain have not taken account of this slackened demand for coal. We go on hoping for a revival which will make all our mines pay and give employment to all our miners. That hope is vain. The mining industry in Britain, we are assured by those who know, will never be in a healthy state till the number of mines and the number of miners are both reduced, the mines by closing down and the miners by diversion to other trades. When that has been done there will still be the work of reorganising the mines which remain, improving their equipment, and reforming marketing methods.

### The Government's Warning

Last year, after a tremendous struggle, the miner's wages were reduced and his hours increased. Reorganisation should have been undertaken at the same time, but it was allowed to slide, with the results we see. That is the haphazard way in which we manage great affairs. C.N. readers know the tremendous changes in Germany. France and Belgium, restoring their ruined coalfields after the war, did much the same.

An agreement is now being completed for regulating the recruiting of men for the mines, so that the congestion shall not be increased, and there has been a certain amount of reorganisation and amalgamation of collieries. But an immense deal remains to be done. In the House of Commons the Government gave the mine-owners a plain warning that they must increase the pace if they wished to avoid the intervention of Parliament. Many people think that Parliament should have imposed the needed changes on the mine-owners at the same time as it changed the hours of the miners. Certainly the country will not be content with inaction much longer.

## WHY THE DOCTOR CAME TO LONDON

A Paris doctor came to London the other day in order to give a consultation by wireless to a patient in New York.

The American doctors thought it necessary to ask his advice, and this they were able to do over the wireless telephone. It is the first case of its kind.

## ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN ART A Great Book Illustrator

Thomas Stothard was born on August 17, 1755.

Thomas Stothard was a pioneer whose work has almost been forgotten, for two reasons. He was an illustrator of books in a fashion which long ago died out; he was a decorative painter in a style, chiefly based on his love and admiration for Rubens's decorative painting, which has never taken root in England.

It is one of the peculiarities of British art that no really good work has been done in the way of frescoes and painted ceilings of mansions and halls such as was the glory of Europe in medieval and later times. There was a distinct movement in this kind of art in the 17th and 18th centuries, and much was attempted. The Rubens ceiling of the Banqueting Hall, Whitehall, since sadly restored, probably was the beginning of the movement. Three or four examples were outstanding: Sir James Thornhill's paintings in the dome of St. Paul's, James Barry's decorations of the hall of the Society of Arts, and Stothard's painting of the grand staircase at Burghley, near Stamford.

### A Delicate Child

Stothard came of Yorkshire parentage and was born in a house in Long Acre on August 17, 1755. He was a delicate child, and was sent down to the country for his health's sake. There he began covering any surface he could find with drawings. His father sent him a box of paints but Tom found he could not mix them. He asked a house painter to show him, and the man obligingly gave him some paint ready mixed on an oyster-shell. "The first man I painted (says Tom) was in black."

When he was eleven he came back to London and had some schooling. Soon his father died, and the mother, after some thought, knowing her boy's love of drawing, and knowing that brocaded silks were much in fashion, apprenticed him to a designer of brocades.

### His First Picture

One day two gentlemen called on business. While one was talking brocades with the widow the other was staring at some pictures over the mantelpiece. He asked questions, and the blushing Tom was called in. The result was a commission for an illustration for a book for which the young man received half-a-guinea.

After that there was no more brocade designing for Stothard. From 1780 to 1783 he worked at illustrations of all kinds, showing a definite gift in historical drawing and composition. His first picture, The Holy Family, exhibited at the Society of Arts, proved the open door to the Academy schools. Sir Joshua Reynolds was kind to him, Richard Wilson kept an eye on him.

### The Burghley Staircase

In his spare time he wandered about England, always sketching. His chief idols were Raphael and Rubens, Raphael from the first for line and draughtsmanship; Rubens, whom he "discovered" years later, for colour. In 1791 Stothard became A.R.A., three years later R.A. His life-work was now in full swing. He illustrated Milton's work, Spenser's, various books, like Robinson Crusoe and Don Quixote, made drawings for a publication which was famous in its day (Macklin's Bible), and Boydell's Shakespeare.

About 3000 of Stothard's drawings were engraved.

Stothard did a great deal of other work, painted a number of easel pictures. His greatest performance in painting was the Burghley staircase, which he decorated in a grand style with figures eight feet high. His finest designs probably were those for the large shield which the merchants and bankers of London gave the Duke of Wellington. He died on April 27, 1834.

## HANGING FROM A PRECIPICE A Terrible Night

### REMARKABLE FEAT OF ALPINE ENDURANCE

On a summit of the Vaudois Alps an official of the League of Nations spent two nights and a day looking perilously down on Geneva, 8000 feet below.

It was Doctor van Walrè de Bordes, of the Dutch delegation, and never was a peaceful delegate in greater danger of his life. His guide to the summit of the peak of Pierre Cabotz while crossing a dangerous slab beneath the summit slipped to the very verge of a precipice.

If he had not been roped to Dr. Bordes he must have been dashed to pieces 900 feet below. But the rope held, and the doctor, his back against the rock, kept his footing, and resisted the terrifying jerk, the terrible strain.

Foot by foot he hauled his guide back to safety. But the guide had a broken leg. The doctor was frightfully strained, his hands cut to the bone by the rope. Neither could move. There, perched on a narrow ledge, frozen at night, scorched in the day, fearful of what further mishap might befall, they waited for the help which seemed as if it never would come to them.

But they were found at last by a party of tourists. The unconscious guide was carried down with great difficulty by a rescue column of guides, and the doctor, still undaunted, returned to his labours of peace at Geneva.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

### When Did Colley Cibber Live?

This actor and dramatist was born in 1671 and died in 1757.

Is it 12 O'Clock When the First or Last Note of a Clock Strikes?

The first note marks the hour, and when the twelfth note goes it is past the hour.

### What is the Population of the United States?

The 1920 Census figures were 106,418,284, and the estimate for 1925 was 113,493,720.

### How Much is a Talent Worth in English Money?

A talent is a weight not a coin. A Hebrew talent of gold was equal to about £6707, and a talent of silver to £447.

### What is the Meaning of Wort in So Many Plant Names?

Wort in such names as St. John's wort, moon wort, and so on, means plant. It is from the Anglo-Saxon wyr, a plant, or herb.

### Did Jesus and His Disciples at the Last Supper Sit Round a Table?

No doubt they reclined in Eastern fashion, and that would explain how one disciple leaned on Jesus's bosom.

### What Welsh Word Ends with Aer and Means Fortified Enclosure?

Caer, as in the names Caerleon, Caerwys, and so on, contracted to Car in Carnarvon, Carlisle, and so on.

### Have the Jews a National Flag?

No. In the days of the Maccabees they carried a standard with the initial letters of the Hebrew text: Who is like unto Thee, O Lord, among the gods?

### Where was Florence Nightingale Buried?

An offer of burial in Westminster Abbey was declined by her relatives in accordance with her wishes, and she was buried in the family burial-place at East Wellow, Hampshire.

### What is Saltwood Castle Famous For?

The ruins of this castle overlook the sea near Hythe. It was formerly the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and from it the knights set out to murder Thomas Becket.

### Where are Goldfish Found?

The goldfish of our aquariums and ponds is the golden carp, *Carassius auratus*, a native of China and the warmer parts of Japan. The specimens we see, however, are invariably domesticated varieties, bred in captivity.

## JUPITER AND URANUS THEIR PATHS THROUGH THE NIGHT SKY

### Two Planets Seen Together Near the Moon

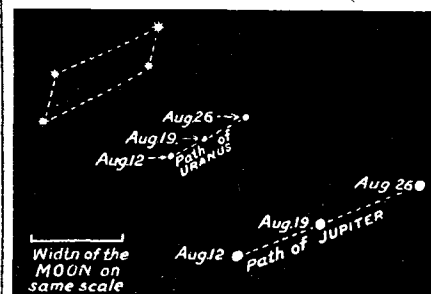
### JUPITER'S SATELLITES VISIBLE

By the C.N. Astronomer

On Monday night, August 15, Jupiter may be seen above the Moon, which will be near her last quarter. As she rises about 10 p.m. and Jupiter a little before they should both be easily found by 10.30 p.m., so the identification of Jupiter will thus be quite easy and, incidentally, the weird world of Uranus also.

During the next two weeks, when the Moon is out of the way, Uranus, 1800 million miles away, may be seen above Jupiter, shining like a sixth-magnitude star and but little more than the Moon's apparent width away from him.

The position of Uranus relative to Jupiter was dealt with in the C.N. for July 16, but then Jupiter was moving



The relative positions of Jupiter and Uranus during the next fortnight

away to the left; now he has returned, and will pass below Uranus between August 17 and 19, after which he will travel to the right of Uranus.

The positions of Jupiter and Uranus relative to some small stars above them, and also the planets' paths during the next fortnight, are shown on the accompanying star map. This is on a large scale, and the stars will appear in the field of view of the field-glasses.

To see Uranus with the naked eye will need a dark, clear night with no artificial illumination about, and the planet will be more easily discerned after midnight, when it is higher in the sky.

Possessors of good binoculars or field-glasses will, in addition to Uranus, have the opportunity next week of seeing two of Jupiter's moons, one on each side of the planet. For on Wednesday night Ganymede, Jupiter's third satellite, will be at her farthest to the right of him, and about one-fifth of our Moon's apparent width away.

### When to See Callisto

On the nights of Wednesday and Thursday Callisto, Jupiter's fourth satellite, will be near its farthest point, to the left of him, and so quite easy to discern. It will be about a third of our Moon's width away, and not quite so bright as Uranus.

Ganymede is brighter, but as it appears so much nearer to Jupiter's bright orb it will not be so easy to see as Uranus or Callisto. Callisto may be glimpsed on the nights of Tuesday and Friday also, but then Callisto will appear much closer to Jupiter.

On Saturday night, August 20, all four of Jupiter's Galilean satellites will appear on the left side of the planet, but visible only through a telescope. G. F. M.

**Other Worlds.** In the evening Venus west, Saturn south-west. Jupiter and Uranus east about midnight.



# THE RIVER PIRATES

A Tale of Adventure

By Herbert Strang

## CHAPTER 39

### The Pirate Prisoners

For a few moments Michael and his two friends listened to the tumult outside, wondering with no little anxiety what was happening. Had there been an inrush of pirates from the fort? Had Larry and the others met with mishap at Mirski's house, and the pirates there broken loose?

But these uneasy doubts were soon set at rest. Hi Fo went to a little window overlooking the main street of the village and looked out. By the twilight of dawn he recognised the men who were clamouring at the door; they were the villagers whose support he had been promised. In a few words that Michael was able to follow he explained that these were friends, come to their aid.

Michael seized the propitious moment. "Bunce," he said, "look after Wang and the rifles. I'll be back as soon as I can."

"Ay, ay, sir, I'll keep all snug, you may be sure of that."

Michael hurried with Hi Fo to the front door, unbolted it, and held up his hand to command silence among the little knot of Chinese who were gathered there. At his bidding Hi Fo explained what had happened, and when he told how the redoubtable Ming Wang Tang lay bound in his own house a great shout gave witness of the villagers' delight.

More men were hastening up. The crowd now numbered more than a score. Michael made the most of his stock of Chinese in explaining to Hi Fo that he wished these villagers to keep watch at the back of the house, and to seize and bind any of the pirates who tried to escape. The men, armed with sticks and farming implements, rushed off to do his bidding; all but six of the sturdiest, whom he kept back for another task.

He took them into the house, through Wang's room, and into the ante-room where the rifles were stored. Arming each man with a rifle, more for show than for use, he led them into the back part of the house, to which the pirates had retreated when they found their way blocked in the other direction. There they had locked themselves in one large room.

"Ahoy, Bunce!" Michael called. "I want you! Leave your prisoner for a minute or two."

The boatswain, carrying his crowbar, plunged into the passage. "What now, sir?" he asked.

"Wang's men are locked in this room. We can't leave them; we must make them prisoners. It will be no good asking them to open the door, so I think you had better break it open."

"In a twinkling, sir."

Setting his shoulder to the timber, Bunce burst it inward as though it were matchwood. A knife flew past his ear and stuck in the wall opposite. Bunce made a pounce, grabbed at the nearest man, and hauled him out. His companions, who had surged forward ready to show fight, were daunted by the sight of the brawny boatswain handling the man as easily as if he had been a puppet. And when Hi Fo, raising his voice above the din, shouted that their chief was a prisoner, and they saw the villagers grouped in the passage with Michael, they lost whatever courage they were endowed with.

"Now, Bunce, haul them out one by one," said Michael. "Search them for arms, then hand them over to Hi Fo and his friends, who'll truss them up and take them to keep company with their master."

He managed to make Hi Fo understand what was required of him. A couple of men were sent to fetch grass ropes from neighbouring houses. When they returned Bunce started on his job.

One by one he hauled the pirates out, passed his hands quickly over their clothing in search of arms, and then turned them over to Hi Fo and his friends, who tied them hand and foot.

Michael did not wait for the completion of Bunce's job. He had been wondering how Larry had fared at Mirski's house, and when he had seen eight or nine of the pirates secured, and was satisfied that Bunce could deal with the half-dozen remaining, he said: "Carry on here, Bunce, with Hi Fo and his friends. I'm going to see how my brother is getting on."

The grey light of morning had stolen upon the village. When Michael issued from the house he saw that the whole place was astir. Men, women, and children were flocking toward the house lately occupied by Mirski, and the crowd was so great that Michael did not at first realise the object of their curiosity.

Then the throng began to move toward him, and in the midst of it he saw Larry, with Chang and Ah Sung, escorting a gang of pirates.

"Good man!" cried Michael, meeting his brother. "Did you have much trouble?"

"None at all. We forced the outer door and burst in on them when they were all asleep, except four playing fan-tan. Before they could make out what was happening we had collared their arms, and I think the sight of us startled them. At any rate, they gave in without fuss."

"Have you got them all?"

"One or two broke out at the back entrance, but Chang sent some of the villagers to chase them."

"He had better send some more. We must have them all. It would never do to let any of them carry the news to the fort. We've had amazing luck so far, but my head's beginning to whirl. I've got Ming Wang Tang himself and about a score of his men, but what on earth we're to do with them I can't imagine."

## CHAPTER 40

### A Momentous Decision

IMAGINE now the situation in that small Chinese village. Three Englishmen, with three friendly Chinese, had laid by the heels a notorious pirate chief with more than a score of his men within easy reach of his stronghold, where an unknown number of his men still remained, and with the risk of the return at any moment of a flotilla of boats containing hundreds more. The villagers, fifty or sixty all told, were peaceable peasants, subdued by the pirates, impressed into their service, overjoyed at the chance of being freed from their yoke, but incapable of doing very much either to win or to secure their freedom.

Michael's head might well whirl. He held that success itself had its penalties. When he took Larry into the room where Wang and his men lay trussed they stood for some moments looking at their prisoners in mute bewilderment.

"What are we to do with them?" Michael said at last, forgetting that Wang understood English.

"The question is, rather, what shall I do with you!" said the pirate. "Before long my men will be here in their hundreds, and then—but I will not threaten. I say simply that if you have any regard for your skins you will release me from these bonds and make what you call an accommodation with me."

"Let us find an empty room and talk things out," said Michael.

With his brother, Bunce, and Chang he went to the room from which Wang's men had been removed.

"There's a good deal in what the fellow says," he remarked. "If we are caught here by his crowd of pirates we shan't stand the ghost of a chance."

"Why not take Wang on the Bantam, and perhaps one or two

more (she won't hold many besides ourselves) and run to Hong Kong? His wings would be pretty well clipped then."

"That occurred to me, but what would be the result here? The departure of Wang wouldn't break up the whole pirate gang. I've no doubt he has a lieutenant who'd be only too glad to slip into his shoes, and the first thing he'd do would be to burn the village and massacre the people. And I can't forget that it will be our fault."

"Mine, you mean," said Larry. "See what has come of your setting out to rescue me!"

"Exactly. It means that we have been dragged deeper and deeper into the campaign against the pirates. We're in for a definite struggle with one of the strongest piratical associations that have ever infested the Chinese coast. We've got to face it. We can't leave these Chinese villagers after what has happened."

"What do you say, Tim?" asked Larry.

"As man to man, sir, or as boatswain to skipper?"

"As a friend, Bunce," said Michael. "We're all equal in this."

"Well, sir, what I say is, we've got Ming Wang Tang, and it's up to us to stop his wangling any more. Furthermore and besides, these here pirates have killed my skipper and messmates and scuttled my ship, and what I say is, if we can stop 'em from serving other Englishmen and ships the same way then we're bound to do it."

"And what about the Chinese villagers?"

"Why, it's this way. If we can settle the pirates then they get the benefit, and I don't begrudge it 'em. But if you ask me how we're going to settle the pirates—why, there you have me."

At this moment a group of villagers came up, bringing with them the two pirates who had escaped when Larry attacked Mirski's house. They assured Chang that no others had evaded them.

"That's a point in our favour," said Michael. "It's hardly likely that the men in the fort or those in the flotilla have any inkling yet of what has happened here, and we must keep them in ignorance. Chang, will you send out some of the villagers to keep watch on the approach to the village, so that they can intercept any messengers from the fort and look out for signs of the return of the flotilla?"

This precaution having been taken, they continued the discussion in what had become a council of war.

"We must look at things from a common-sense point of view," said Michael. "What are we aiming at? To secure our safety and the safety of the villagers."

## A Thrilling Adventure Story FORBIDDEN ISLAND

This splendid story appears in the August issue of **LITTLE FOLKS**—the magazine that every boy and girl loves. The story tells of a girl who, despite warning, visits a forbidden island and gets lost at sea. Her adventure, however, is the means of capturing a dangerous gang. There are many other fine stories and articles in this splendid issue of

## LITTLE FOLKS

August Issue Now on Sale 1/-

That means that we must either thrash the pirates, or terrify them into good behaviour, or scare them away. With our handful against their hundreds we can't do any of those things. All that we can hope for is to gain time until one of us is able to communicate with some authority who will have power to destroy this nest of pirates. There's no government in China today, so we can only apply to our own people. Vessels of our Navy are somewhere in Chinese waters, and if our admiral can spare a gunboat I daresay that would do all that's necessary. So what we have to do is to hit on some way of keeping the pirates off while you, Larry, set off for Hong Kong in the Bantam."

"And leave you in the lurch!" said Larry.

"I see nothing else for it. But the first thing is, how can we protect ourselves for the two or three days that will be needed for your journey?"

"Could we fortify the village?" asked Chang.

Michael went to the door and looked up and down.

"No good," he said, returning. "It would take weeks of work, and then we should need hundreds of men to defend it, and there aren't more than about fifty able-bodied men in the place."

"If I may make so bold, sir," said Bunce, "I'd say, let's hike back to that there island in the swamp. It's pretty well hidden, and we could bide there for a bit."

"And the pirates meanwhile would destroy the village. We couldn't hide our traces; they'd soon discover us. We should be exposed to gunfire, or they might starve us out. Which reminds me: we're all pretty hungry, Chang; you might get Hi Fo to go foraging for us."

During Hi Fo's absence silence reigned among the little company. The outlook seemed very black; no one had any further suggestions to offer, and Michael began to feel that circumstances were too much for him. But at the moment when Hi Fo was seen returning with a number of little Chinese dishes containing an assortment of Chinese comestibles, Larry suddenly exclaimed:

"There's only one thing to do. We must take the fort."

The others stared at him. "Yes. As you know, it's not very accessible. If we could only get in we could hold it against very much larger numbers."

"But that's a big 'if.' I don't know how many of the pirates are there, but probably there are more than enough to keep us out, even if we were to arm every able-bodied man in the village. Besides, we don't want to expose these people to slaughter. We want to save them from slaughter."

"Of course. I shouldn't dream of attempting to carry the place by assault. The only chance would be to surprise it."

"In broad daylight? For we can't wait till night."

"It's worth trying. You see, if we could only get in I could fix up the wireless and get a message through to Hong Kong long before a motor-boat could take it."

"That's all right. If we could get in our troubles would be over. But how do you propose to do it?"

"I haven't the ghost of an idea. What do you say, Tim?"

The boatswain scratched his chin and screwed up his eyes with an air of profound meditation. Meanwhile Michael paced up and down with his hands in his pockets, glancing now through the open doorway as he passed it, now out of the window.

"Well, Tim?" said Larry after a while, smiling at the seaman.

"Well, sir, what I say is, if that there fort be the place as you've described it then I say it can't be done."

"I'm not so sure about that," said Michael, suddenly turning away from the window. "In fact, I agree with Larry; we've got to take the fort."

TO BE CONTINUED

## Tales Before Bedtime

### Cynthia's Gift

THE rain poured steadily down one Saturday afternoon, but Doctor Fraser's children were so busily engaged indoors that they didn't mind at all. No one even heard the nursery door open when Aunt Biddy walked in, and she laughingly exclaimed "What a hive of busy bees, to be sure!"

"We're all working for the Charity Bazaar," announced Jack, who was sitting on the floor, surrounded by shavings and fretwork tools.

"Look what we have made!" cried Marjorie, holding up a dainty pincushion.

"And we've made them all ourselves," added Christine.

The only one who did not join in the chorus was six-year-old Cynthia, whose curly head was bent over a plain knitted dishcloth. This was all her plump little fingers could manage, and oh, how she, too, longed to make pretty things.

Aunt Biddy's quick eye noticed the look of disappointment on her niece's face, and, picking up some knitting which Cynthia had finished, she said, "I have a lovely idea for your gift, darling. Run and fetch me a dish-mop, a wooden cooking spoon, and a duster."

Off scampered Cynthia as fast as she could go, while Jack was told to fetch his box of crayons.

Five minutes later an interested little group gathered round their aunt, while she tied the mop and spoon together and then pinned the duster round them both. But the excitement was great when



"It's a doll!" cried Cynthia

she picked up Cynthia's dishcloth and draped it over the duster to look like a shawl. Then she took one of Jack's crayons and sketched a funny face on the back of the spoon.

"Oh, look! It's a doll!" cried Cynthia with delight.

"Yes," laughed Aunt Biddy; "it's a doll for the kitchen. Lots of people will want to buy one, so you and I must make as many as we can."

Cynthia was only too glad to do her knitting after that; and she worked so hard that when the bazaar at last came round eight of her Kitchen Dolls appeared on the stall. To her great joy they were much admired, and all of them were quickly sold.





# A Quiet Mind is Richer Than a Crown



## THE BRAN TUB

### A Word Square

THE following clues indicate four words which, written one under the other, will make a square of words. Each word, of course, has four letters.

A piece of music. A stone used as an ornament. Something that belongs to every one of us. A valley.

Answer next week

### The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



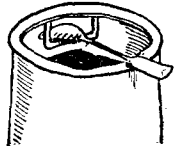
The Hamster

This old-world rodent is abundant in parts of Germany. The Common Hamster reaches a length of about one foot, and has a glossy, handsomely coloured coat. Some species are entirely black, while others are white. During the summer it lays in a store of grain and pulse, which it carries home at night in its cheek-pouches. It also eats fruit and roots, and occasionally frogs, beetles, and worms.

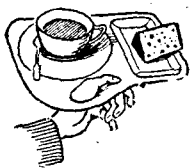
### Things Just Patented

We have no further information about the new patents which are illustrated here.

**A Simple Spoon-Rest.** A spoon left resting across the top of an open syrup tin usually falls into the syrup before long, but here is a simple arrangement which prevents this. A small metal loop to support the bowl of the spoon is fastened to the rim inside the tin, and on the opposite side of the rim is a lip which holds the handle of the spoon.



**A Saucer and Plate in One.** Most men hate drawing-room tea owing to the difficulty of managing both cup and saucer and plate, but here is a device which makes things easy. It is on the lines of a painter's palette, with a thumb-hole to help grip it by, and having the shapes of both saucer and plate on its surface.



### Picture-Words from China

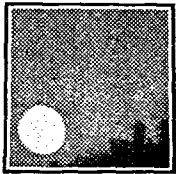
人	田	佃	日	旦	月	明
Man	Field	farmer	Sun	Horizon	Moon	Brightness
門	門	聞	問	囚	言	信
Door	Lock	Listen	Beggar	Prisoner	Word	Honesty
女	好	家	嫁	安	子	木
Woman	Good	Home	Marriage	Peace	Child	Tree

WE give here a few examples of the characters with which the Chinese language is written.

The signs for certain words or ideas are combined to form other words: thus an ear at a door means listen, and a mouth at a door means beggar. The character for word is supposed to represent breath coming from a mouth. The word good is made up of the signs for woman and son, and home is shown by a pig under a roof. The Chinese idea of marriage seems

### Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE songs of the goldfinch and greenfinch cease. Swallows and martins begin to congregate in considerable numbers. The redbreast begins to sing again. The small copper butterfly is seen. The devil's-bit scabious, common tansy, and artichoke are in flower. The berries of the red bryony ripen.



Looking South  
11.0 p.m., Aug. 15

### A Built-Up Word

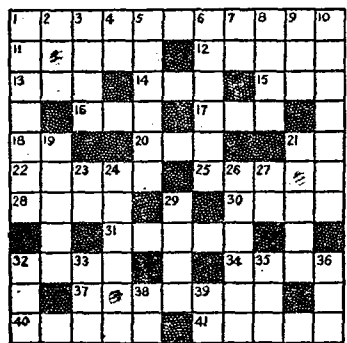
IF to five you join six and one eighth of eighteen. You'll see what in blockheads has never been seen. Answer next week

### Is Your Name Peace?

THIS name is probably derived from one of the characters, Peace, in the Old Morality plays. No doubt an ancestor of those bearing this name had acted in the play and taken the character of Peace, by which he was afterwards known among his acquaintances.

### Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 44 words hidden in this puzzle. The clues are given below and the answers will appear next week.



**Reading Across.** 1. One who traces the descent of persons. 11. An occurrence. 12. An exhibition of cowboy skill. 13. Fresh. 14. A beverage. 15. To be indebted. 16. Huge expanse of water. 17. Nothing. 18. Royal Engineers (abbrev.). 20. A tooth of a wheel. 21. Pennsylvania (abbrev.). 22. An exclamation expressive of sorrow. 25. To prepare. 28. A narrow street. 30. A tree which yields a poison. 31. A cousin of the camel. 32. To perceive by touch. 34. Excellent. 37. A dam. 40. A striped quadruped. 41. Uncovered.

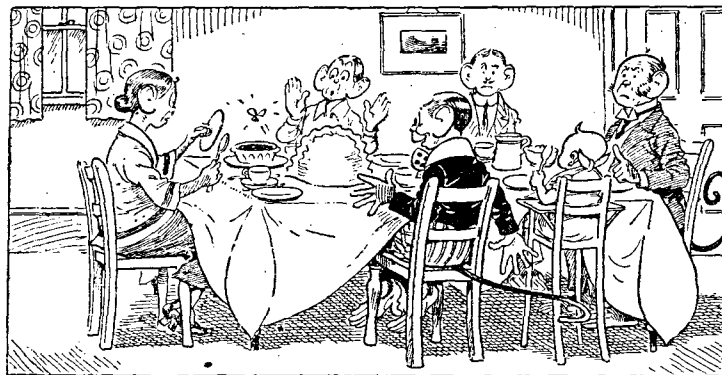
**Reading Down.** 1. Soldier of high rank. 2. The mother of us all. 3. Tidings. 4. A printer's measure. 5. Assault. 6. A juicy fruit. 7. A command. 8. An image. 9. Stitch. 10. Parts of boots. 19. To exalt. 21. Musical instrument. 23. Indefinite article. 24. Underground room. 26. A close relation of the zebra. 27. Aloft. 29. The resting-place of a wild beast. 32. A Moorish cap. 33. To decline. 35. Poetical term for ever. 36. Accomplished. 38. High artist's honour (abbrev.). 39. Able-bodied seaman (abbrev.).

## Jacko Goes Hungry

AUNT MATILDA was really very fond of Jacko, but she had never forgotten the fright he had once given her with his white mice. So when he passed her the jam at tea one day and a wasp flew out of the pot she at once thought Jacko was to blame.

"You wretched boy!" she cried; "I might have been stung!"

As a matter of fact the wasp had got into the pot through the hole in the lid that was meant to take the spoon; Jacko had had nothing to do with it. But he couldn't help laughing



"I might have been stung!" she cried

when he saw Aunt Matilda nearly jump out of her skin, and of course that settled it.

"Leave the room, Jacko!" said his father severely. "I shall have something to say to you later."

It was not the slightest use arguing with his father, and poor Jacko had to go. It was a specially nice tea that day and he was wild about missing it, though he did make up for the loss by eating some sausage rolls which Mrs. Jacko had specially made for supper.

Suddenly he heard himself called, and he rushed out of the kitchen hoping that he was going to be allowed back into the parlour to finish his tea.

But his hopes were soon dashed to the ground. Aunt Matilda was standing in the hall all wrapped up ready to go, while Mrs. Jacko was saying good-bye to her. And the only reason Jacko had been called was because it was raining and Mrs. Jacko wanted him to hold an umbrella over the old lady while she walked down the garden to her carriage.

"I don't see why I should get wet," mumbled Jacko, who was still very sore about missing his tea. But nobody took any notice of what he had to say, and he found himself out in the rain with Aunt Matilda while Mrs. Jacko shut the door firmly behind them.

Aunt Matilda clutched Jacko by the arm and hung on to him.

"Hold the umbrella lower," she kept saying. "My bonnet will be spoiled if the rain gets to it."

Jacko did hold the umbrella lower: he held it so low that the old lady couldn't see where she was going.

"It seems a very long way to the carriage," she said at last.

Jacko agreed that they weren't making much headway. And neither were they, for the young rascal was leading Aunt Matilda in another direction.

But at last they stopped, and Jacko opened a door.

"Here you are, Aunt," he said with a grin, shutting the umbrella with a snap.

The old lady put her foot up to step into the carriage, and gave a fearful shriek. Jacko had brought her round to the back of the house, and the door was the door of the pigsty!

Of course Jacko deserved all he got this time. He missed his supper as well as his tea.

### Ici On Parle Français



La laiterie Le chien La pâquerette

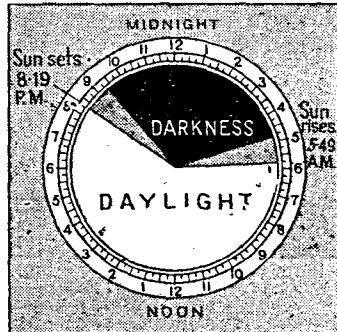
La laiterie est tenue très proprement. Si tu m'aimes, aime aussi mon chien. Elle fait une guirlande de pâquerettes.

### A Puzzle in Rhyme

To see me whole observe a spring,  
But headless, listen, I'm a thing  
You'll find among the kine.  
Again transposed, I'm at the farm;  
Reverse, and I shall cause alarm  
Mid forest, wood, and pine.

Answer next week

### Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight now grows shorter each day.

## DR. MERRYMAN

### True Economy

Do you find it more economical to do your own cooking?  
Oh, yes, much! The boarders don't eat half as much as they did!

### Beware the Bear

GROWLED a Bear to a hunter: "Look here, You have reason the future to fear. If you don't quit this spot Without firing a shot Trouble's BRUIN—I hope that is clear!"

### Independence

FIRST Tramp: You're always borrowing my matches. Why don't you buy some of your own?  
Second Tramp: You're pretty mean with your matches. I'll just take a few (putting half of them in his pocket) and be independent of you!

### Inexplicable

THIS salmon cutlet isn't half as good as the one I had here last week, waiter!  
It ought to be, sir. It's off the same fish!

How can we spell the word candy with two letters?  
C and Y.

### Too Bad



WHEN Snip met Snap the other day  
Said he, "You're looking far from gay.  
You've had bad luck, it's plain to see.  
What happened? Tell your grief to me."

In mournful tones poor Snap began:  
"A wasp attacked me and I ran.  
Yet I got stung, for as I fled  
I fell into a nettle-bed!"

### Puzzling

TOMMY, dear, you mustn't ride your scooter in the front on Sunday. You must go into the back garden. Isn't it Sunday in the back garden, Mother?

### Hopeless

AUNTIE (who has been trying hard to understand what the game is all about): Yes, but what happens if the bowler gets out before the batter?

### In Their Colours

AT the Zoo, before the zebra enclosure:  
Look at those donkeys, Bill.  
Those aren't donkeys; don't you see their stripes?  
Yes, they are; they're donkeys in their football jerseys!

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Black and White Jig-Saw

This is how the pieces should be placed together to form the crab.



A Charade. Light-house  
The Stick Problem  
One pound minus one-eighth of the total weight of sawdust.

Word-Changing. Aré, era, area  
Do You Know Me? Newspaper  
Changeling. Weep, deep, deer, dear, tear.  
Who Was He? The Most Popular French Dramatist was Molière.

Arithmetical Puzzle  
Mild. M=1000, I=1, L=50, D=500.



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# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

August 13, 1927

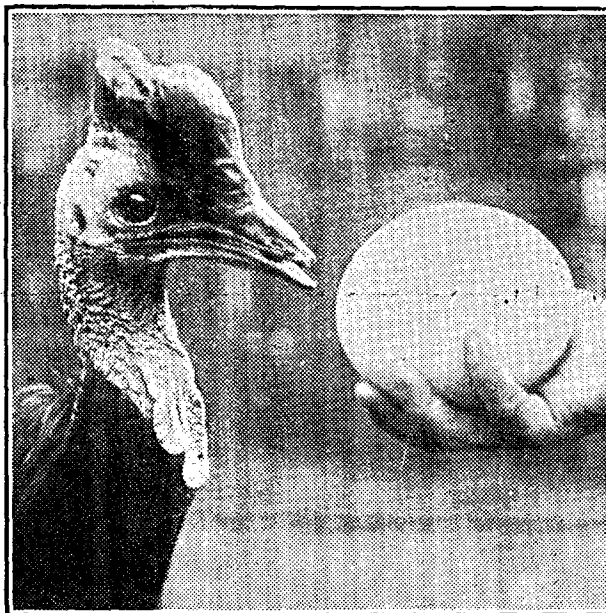
Every Thursday, 2d.

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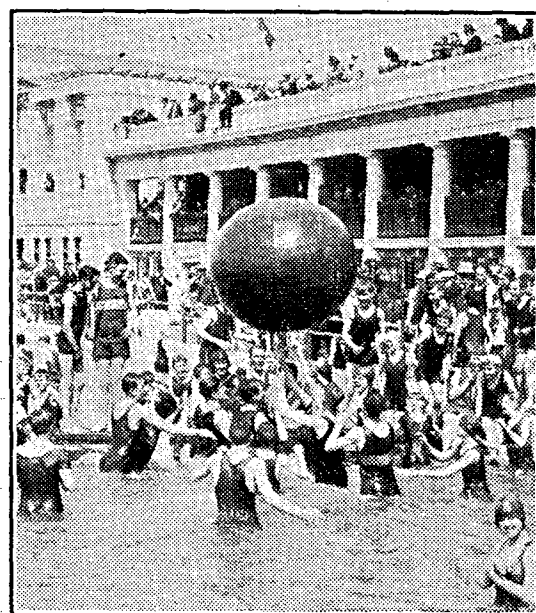
## JUMPING MOTOR-CAR · SHIP ON A CHURCH SPIRE · UPHEAVAL IN PICCADILLY



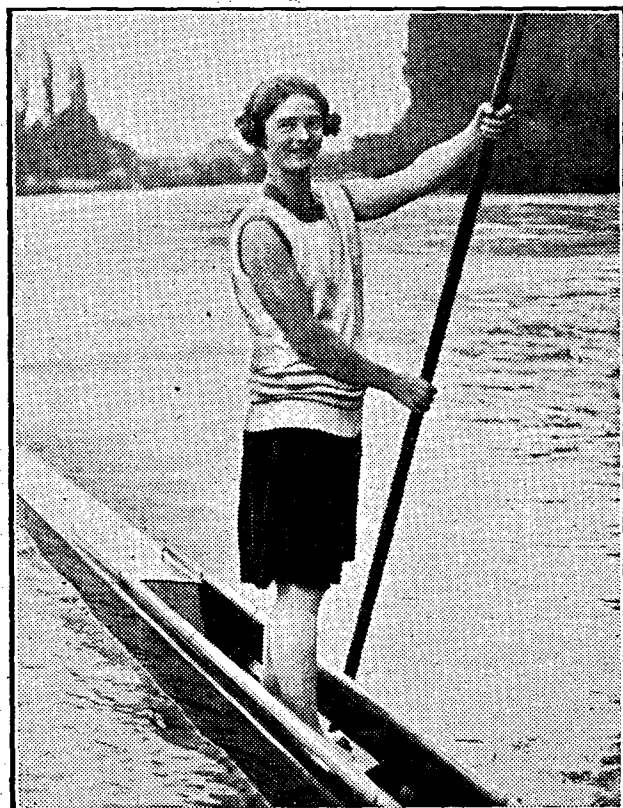
**Making a Motor-Car Jump**—A Frenchman is here demonstrating how he can make his car jump high over another one by driving at a great speed up a short, sloping board



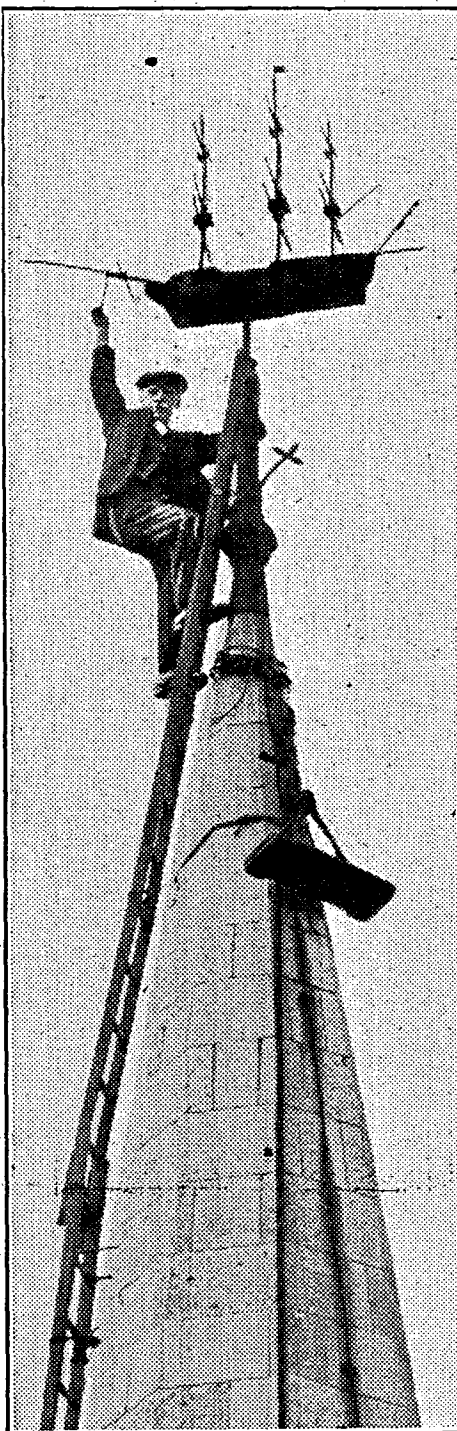
**A Big Egg at the Zoo**—This picture shows Bob, an Australian cassowary at the Zoo, looking with interest at a big egg. It is the male cassowary which hatches the eggs and cares for the young



**Pushball in the Water**—Blackpool now has one of the largest and best swimming-baths in the country. Here we see some of the bathers playing pushball in the shallow water



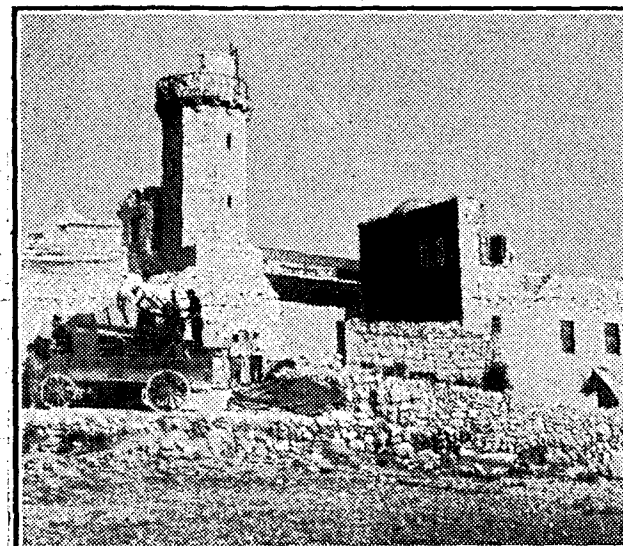
**A Punting Champion**—The Thames Punting Club held its regatta at Shepperton recently, and the ladies' amateur championship was won by Miss K. Roos, who is here seen in her racing craft



**Ship on a Church**—The copper ship which for 80 years has been the weathervane of St. Paul's, the Sailor's Church, at the London docks has been repaired. Here we see the steeplejack on the spire



**Rubber Seal Goes Bathing**—At the seaside this year india-rubber animals that can be pumped up are very popular for adding to the fun of bathing. This little girl is taking a rubber seal into the sea



**Earthquake in the Holy Land**—This picture shows how the minaret of a mosque on the Mount of Olives was wrecked by the earthquake which shook Palestine. It was the worst earthquake known there for hundreds of years, and there was a large number of casualties



**Trenches in Piccadilly**—The roadway of Piccadilly is being relaid and for some months London's most famous street will be closed. This picture shows one of the trenches in the road, for the authorities are examining the gaspipes and electric cables. See page 4

## THE NOBLEST ROMAN ON OUR BRITISH ROLL—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST

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